

JANUARY
No. 49

SMASH COMICS



10¢



A. KOTZKY

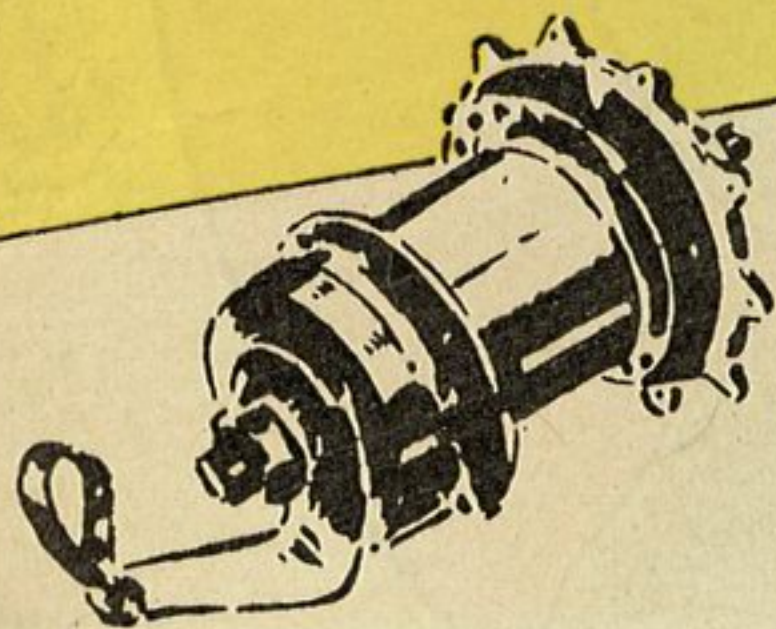


WEB COMIC
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BIKE-OLOGY

NEW WORLD'S RECORD -

JOHN S PRICE, RIDING A ROYAL MAIL, SET A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR BICYCLES IN 1884. HE COVERED ONE MILE IN THE THEN UN-BELIEVABLE TIME OF 2 MINUTES AND 39 SECONDS. TODAY'S RECORD FOR THE DISTANCE IS 33 SECONDS

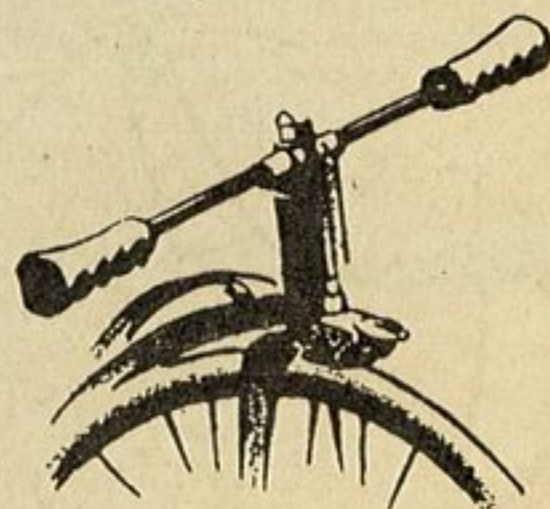


THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE -

HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR ITS EASY PEDALING, FREE COASTING, AND SMOOTH BRAKING SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS OF BICYCLING. TODAY AS AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF **THE INVISIBLE CREW**, IT IS SERVING A VITAL PURPOSE ON MANY BATTLEFRONTS, AS WELL AS THE HOMEFRONT.



Bendix Corporation
ECLIPSE MACHINE
DIVISION



STOPPING BY HAND -


TIMBERLAKE'S RATCHET BRAKE A FAR CRY FROM TODAY'S PRECISION-BUILT **MORROW* COASTER BRAKE**, WAS OPERATED BY HAND. A RATCHET ARRANGEMENT ON THE FRONT WHEEL PERMITTED GRADUAL STOPPING.



IVORY HANDLES

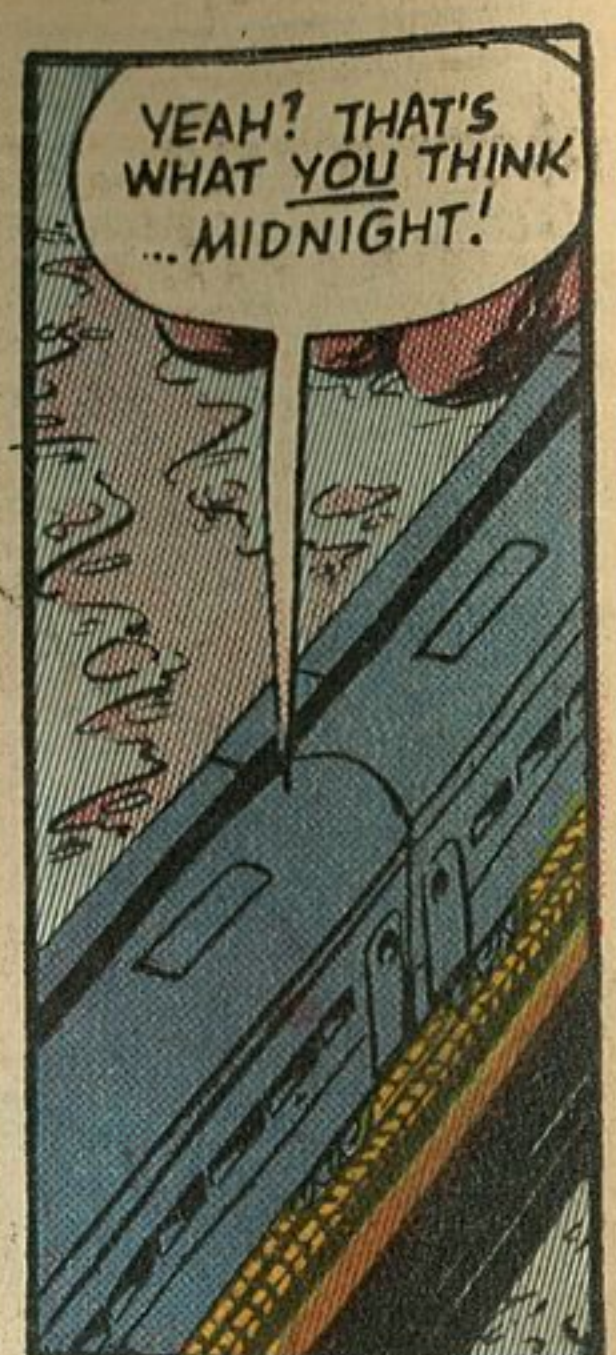
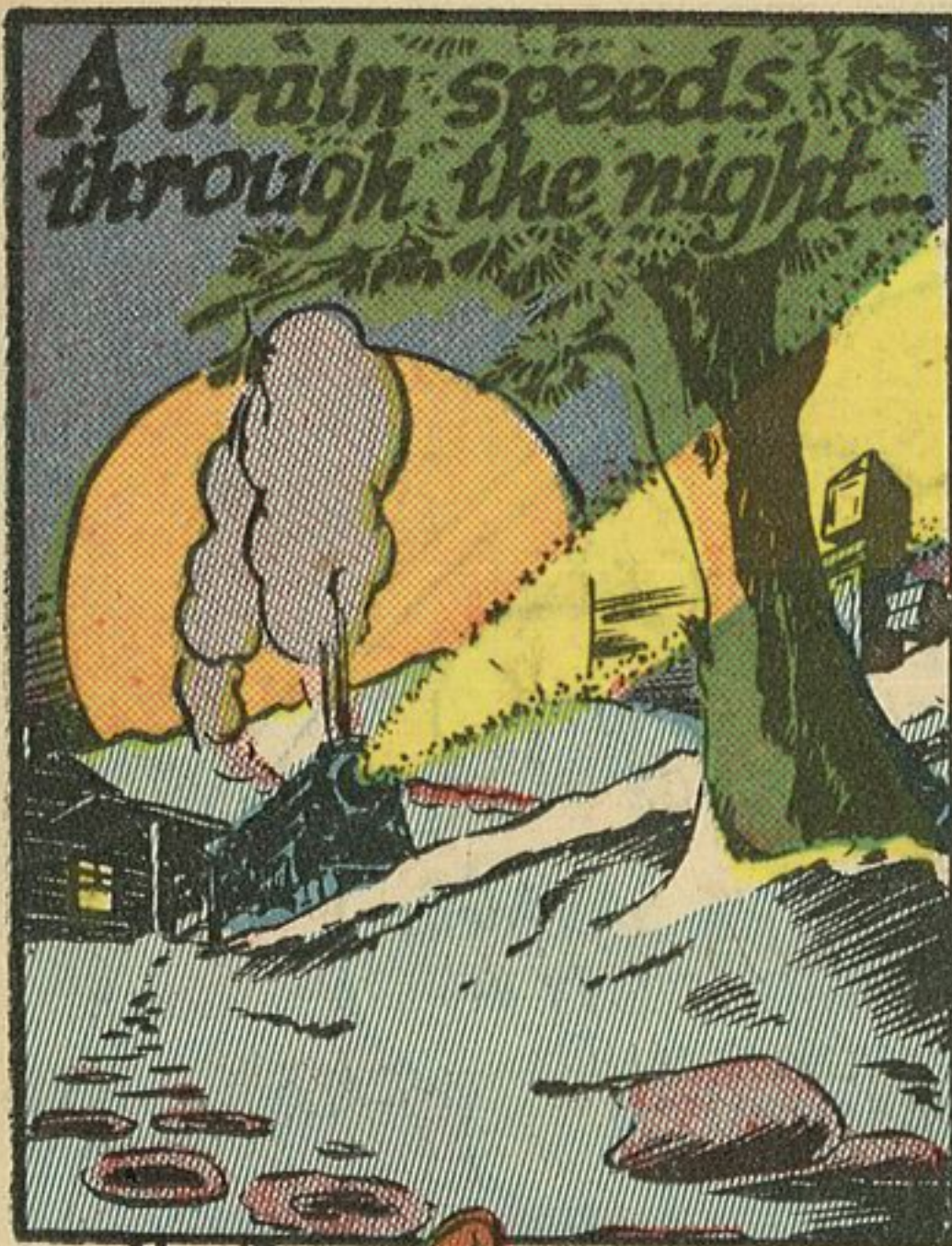
HANDLES OF IVORY, THOUGH VERY EXPENSIVE, WERE IN RATHER COMMON USE AT ONE TIME. UNLIKE WOODEN ONES, THEY DIDN'T BLISTER THE HANDS.

* TRADE MARK OF THE BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

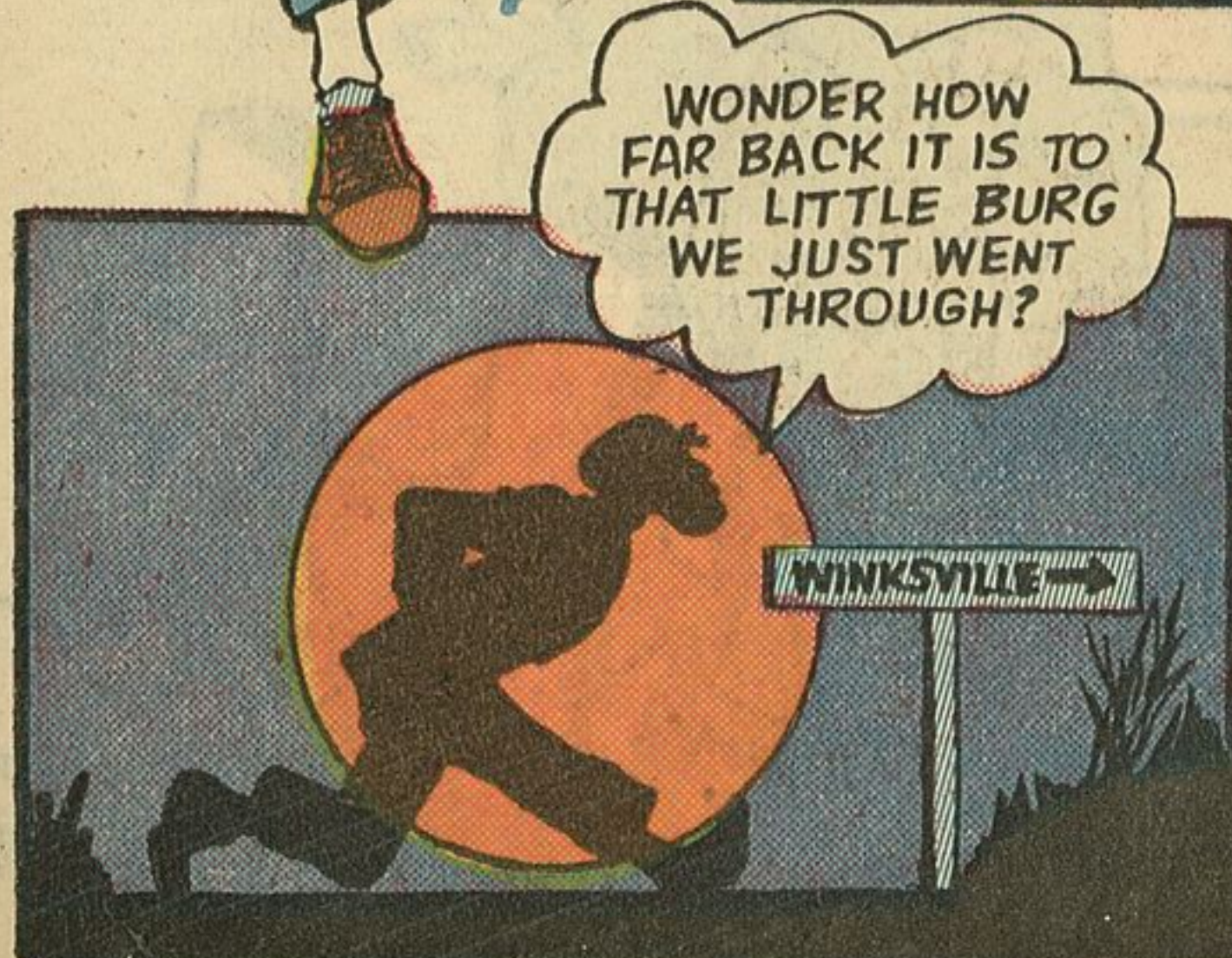


HOW DO YOU
LIKE **THAT?**
HERE I AM ABOUT
TO INTRODUCE
YOU TO
SELWYN THE SAVAGE,
THE TOUGHEST GUY IN
THE WORLD, AND
**HE FAINTS
AWAY!!**

Midnight



But Midnight underestimates Killer Mike and the chances he'll take when he's in a tough spot!

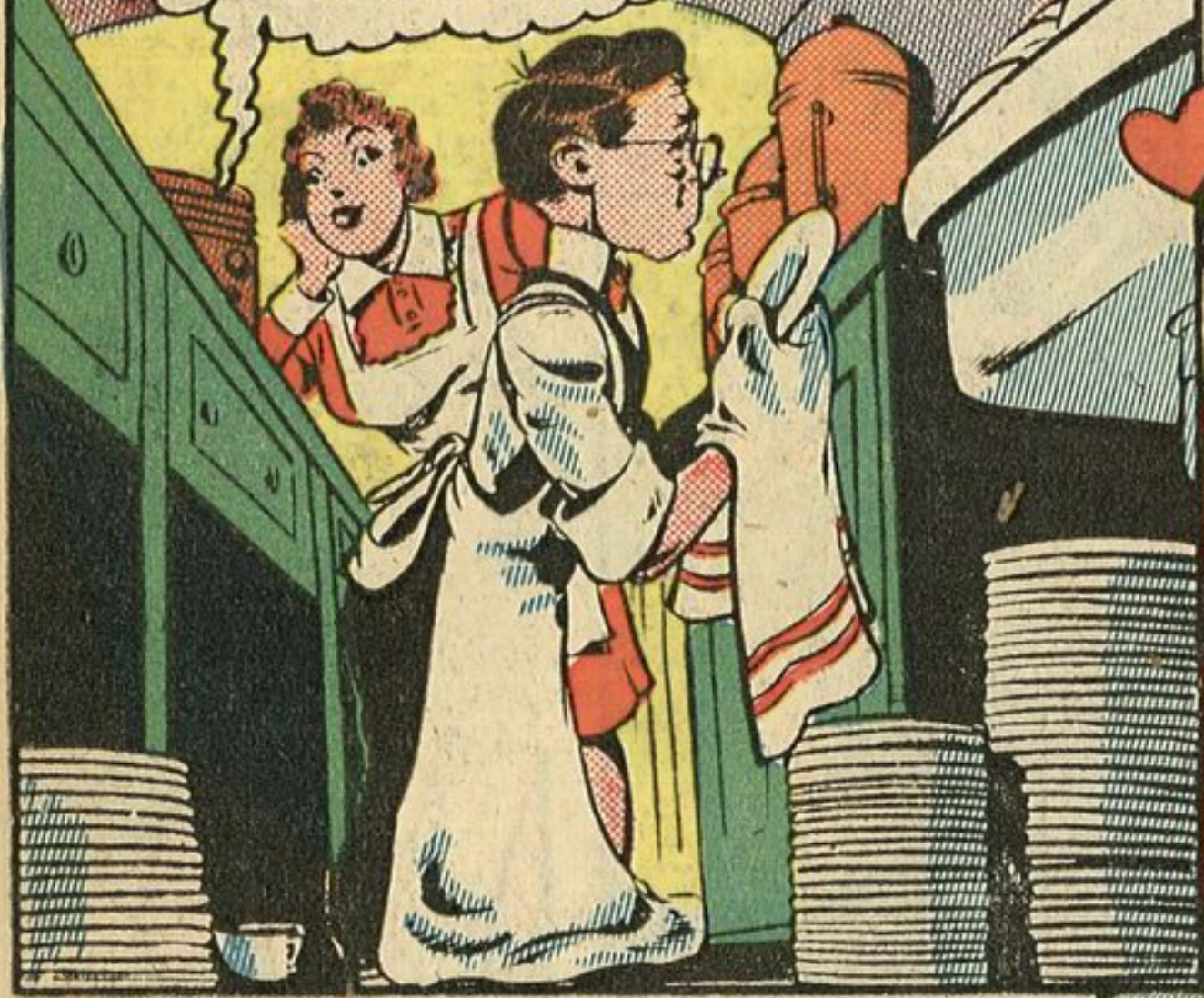


A little while later...



Meanwhile... at the Winksville Diner...

TAKE THAT! WHAT SANDOW THE SAVAGE WANTS, HE TAKES! AND SANDOW WANTS THIS WOMAN!



SIGH

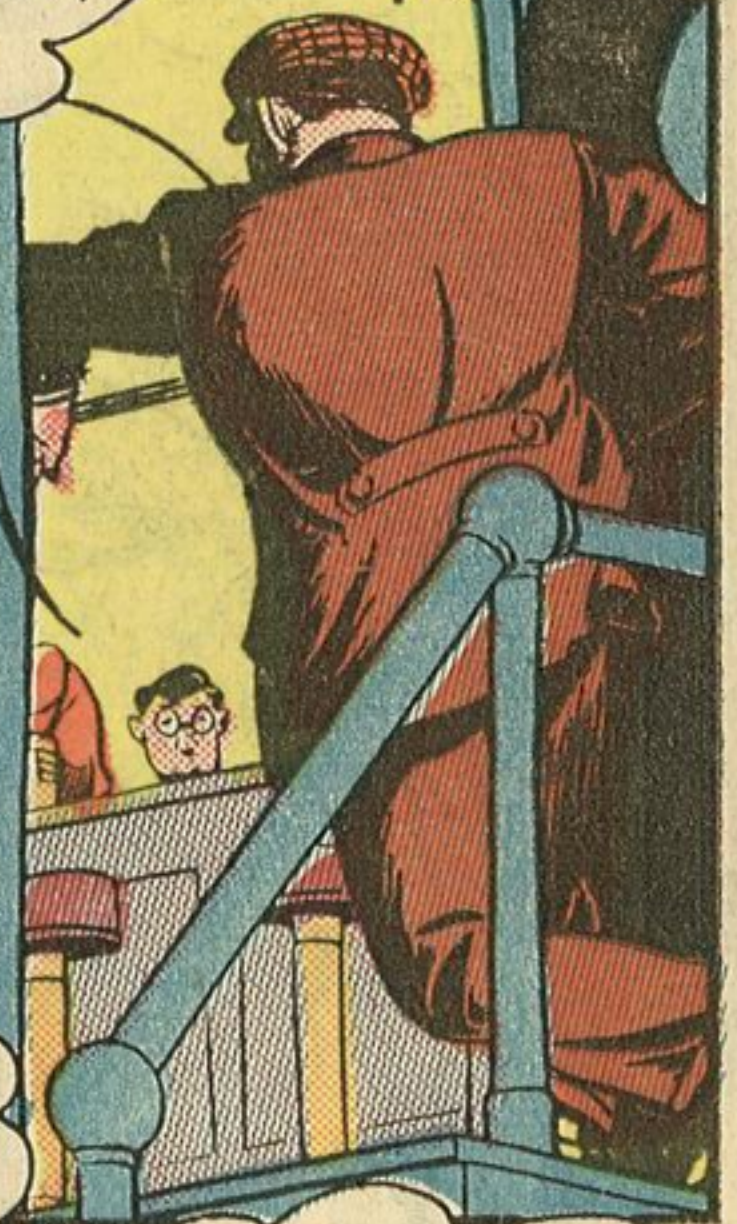


I GUESS SHE COULDN'T LOVE A MAN LIKE ME IN THAT CASE!



ER... GOOD EVENING, SIR!

SHADDUP! ANYONE EXCEPT YOU TWO AROUND HERE?



GIMME A FLOCK O' HAMBOIGERS AN' SOME JAVA!



ER... I'M AFRAID WE'RE ALL OUT OF HAMBURGERS! COULD I...

QUIET! YOU WORM! YOU AND I HAVEN'T GOT A FAVORITE NUMBER! WE AREN'T IN THE SAME CLASS! I WANT A MAN LIKE SANDOW THE SAVAGE! ... A MAN WHOSE STRENGTH WILL MAKE ME SWOON!

OHNNNN!





I SEE WE GOTTA HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING! FOIST, YA GOTTA LOIN DAT NOBODY TALKS BACK TO KILLER MIKE!

GOSH!



NOW... DIG ME UP SOME HAMBOIGERS ... AND FAST!

N-MAYBE THERE'S A L-LITTLE L-LEFT OUT IN THE K-KITCHEN!



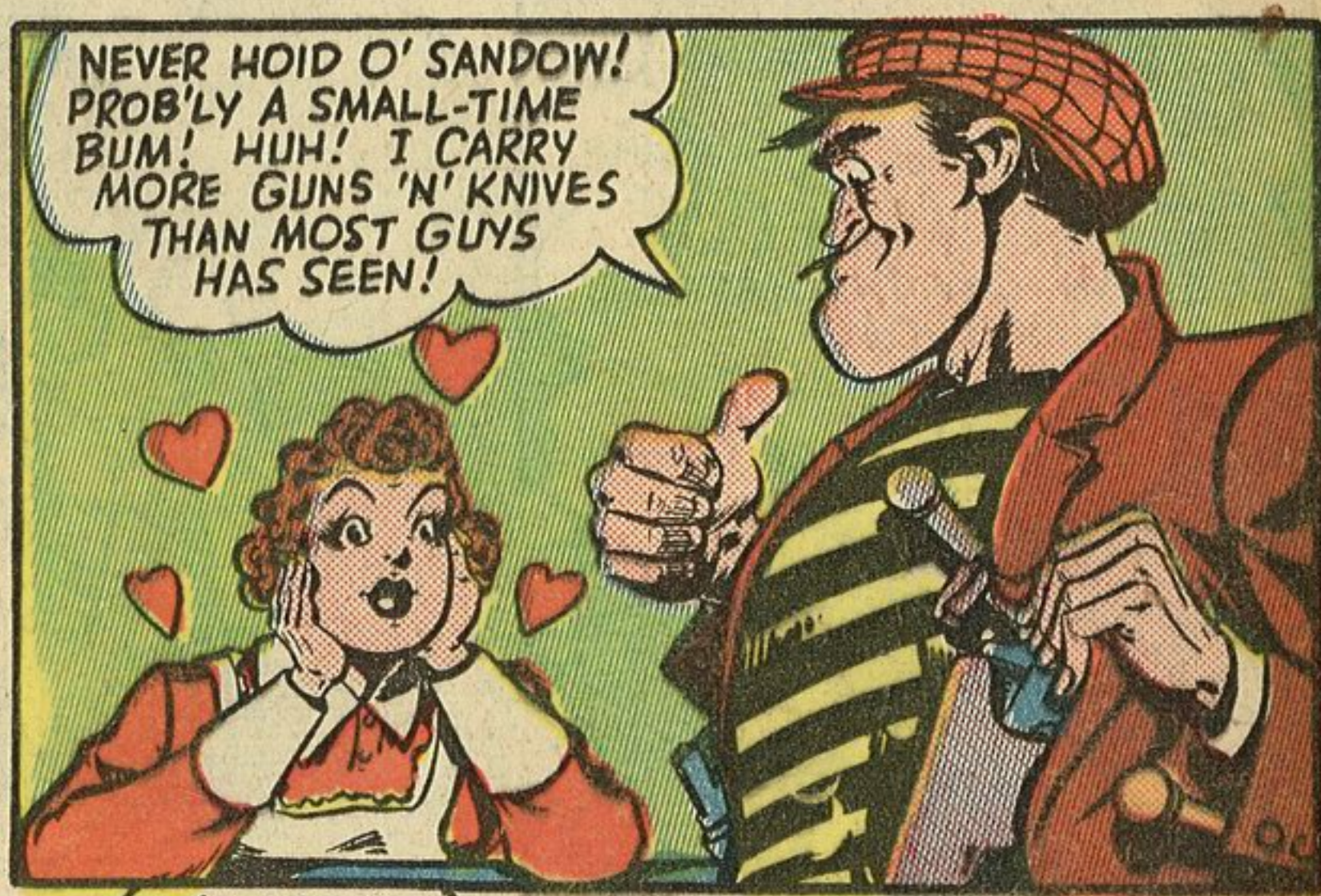
G-GOSH, MISTER! DID YOU SAY YOU'RE KILLER MIKE... THE FAMOUS GANGSTER?



YEAH!

Y'WANNA MAKE SUMP'N OF IT?

N-NO! GOSH! I JUST ADMIRE STRONG MEN WHO TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS... LIKE SANDOW THE SAVAGE... OR, FOR INSTANCE, **YOU!**



NEVER HOID O' SANDOW! PROB'LY A SMALL-TIME BUM! HUH! I CARRY MORE GUNS 'N' KNIVES THAN MOST GUYS HAS SEEN!



OF COURSE, TH' RODS IS EMPTY NOW! I TRIED TO PLUG A "DICK" CALLED MIDNIGHT, BUT I MISSED EVERY TIME AN' JUST WASTED ME AMMUNITION!

HOW EXCITING!

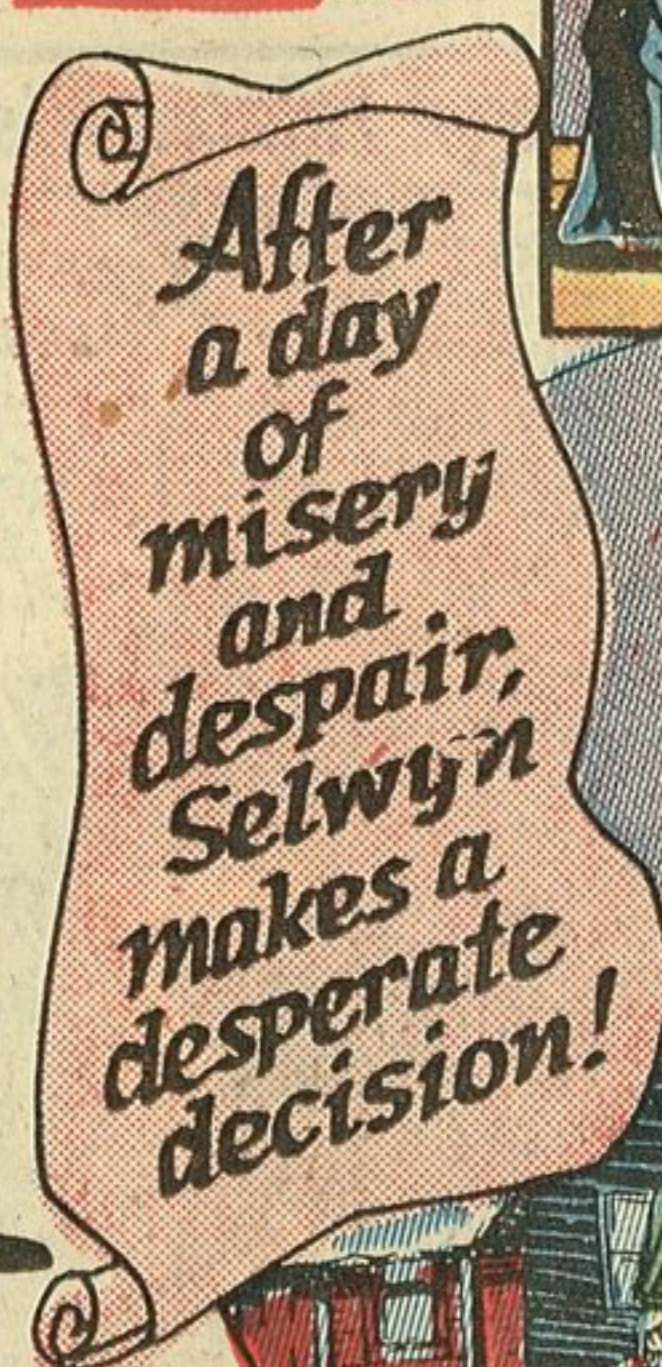


IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE WIT' THAT DOG MEAT!



ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, SELWYN?!! HE'S THE FAMOUS **HE-MAN KILLER MIKE!!**

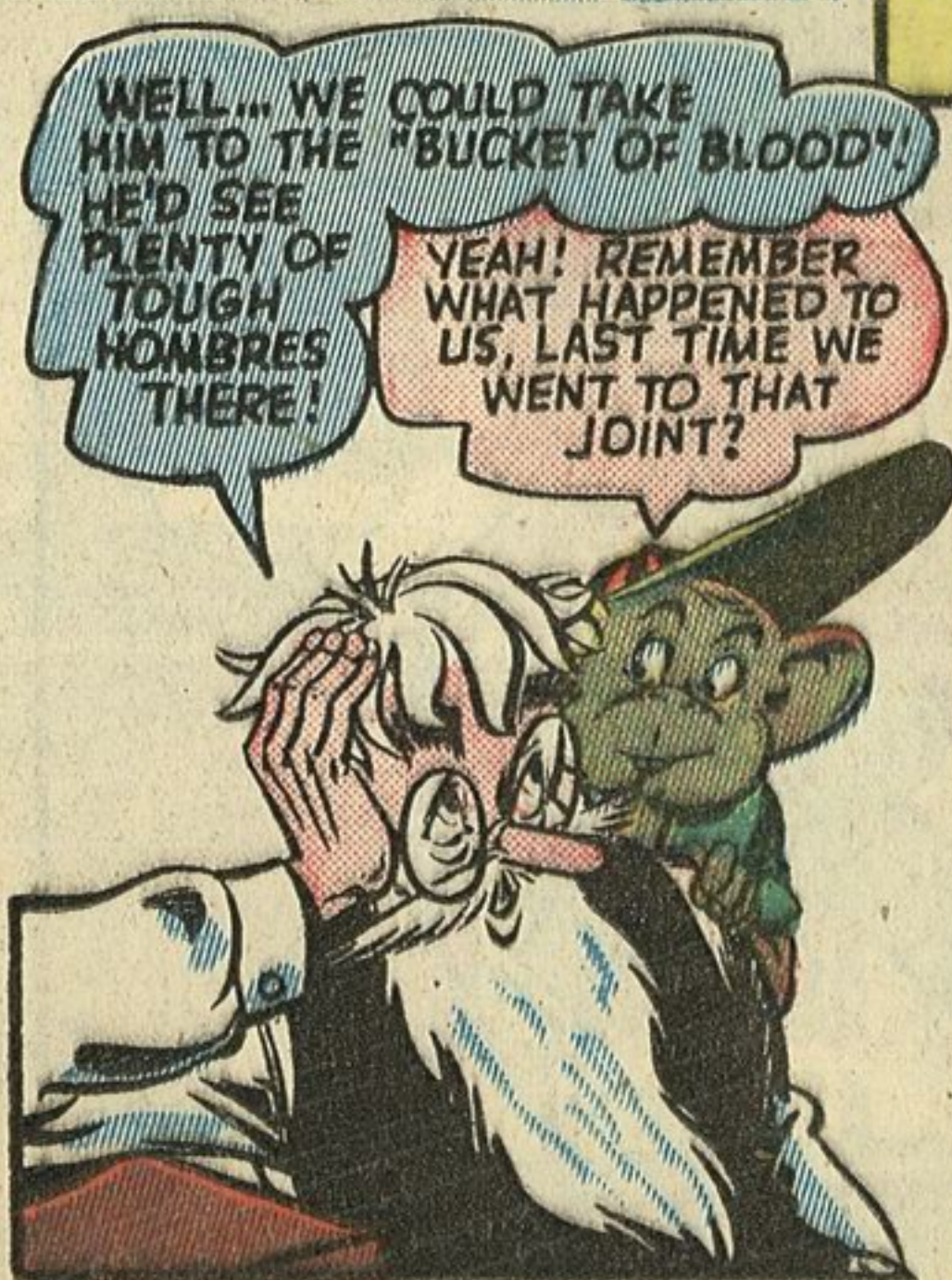
OHMM! GOOD HEAVENS!



In the Big City...



Selwyn relates his tale...



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE "BUCKET OF BLOOD" TO LOOK FOR THEM! I'M SURE I SAW KILLER MIKE AT THE RAILROAD STATION, THIS MORNING, AND I CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME BROADCASTING NOW!

In the 'Bucket of Blood'...

GOLLY, THEY SURE LOOK TOUGH, DON'T THEY?

NOW, IF I COULD ONLY LOOK LIKE THAT GANGSTER, GERTRUDE WOULD BE CRAZY ABOUT ME!

HIDE YOUR RODS! —TH' BULLS ARE COMIN' IN AN' THEY'LL FRISK US!

HEY! PUT YER GATS IN THIS PUNK'S POCKET! TH' COPS'LL NEVER FRISK HIM!

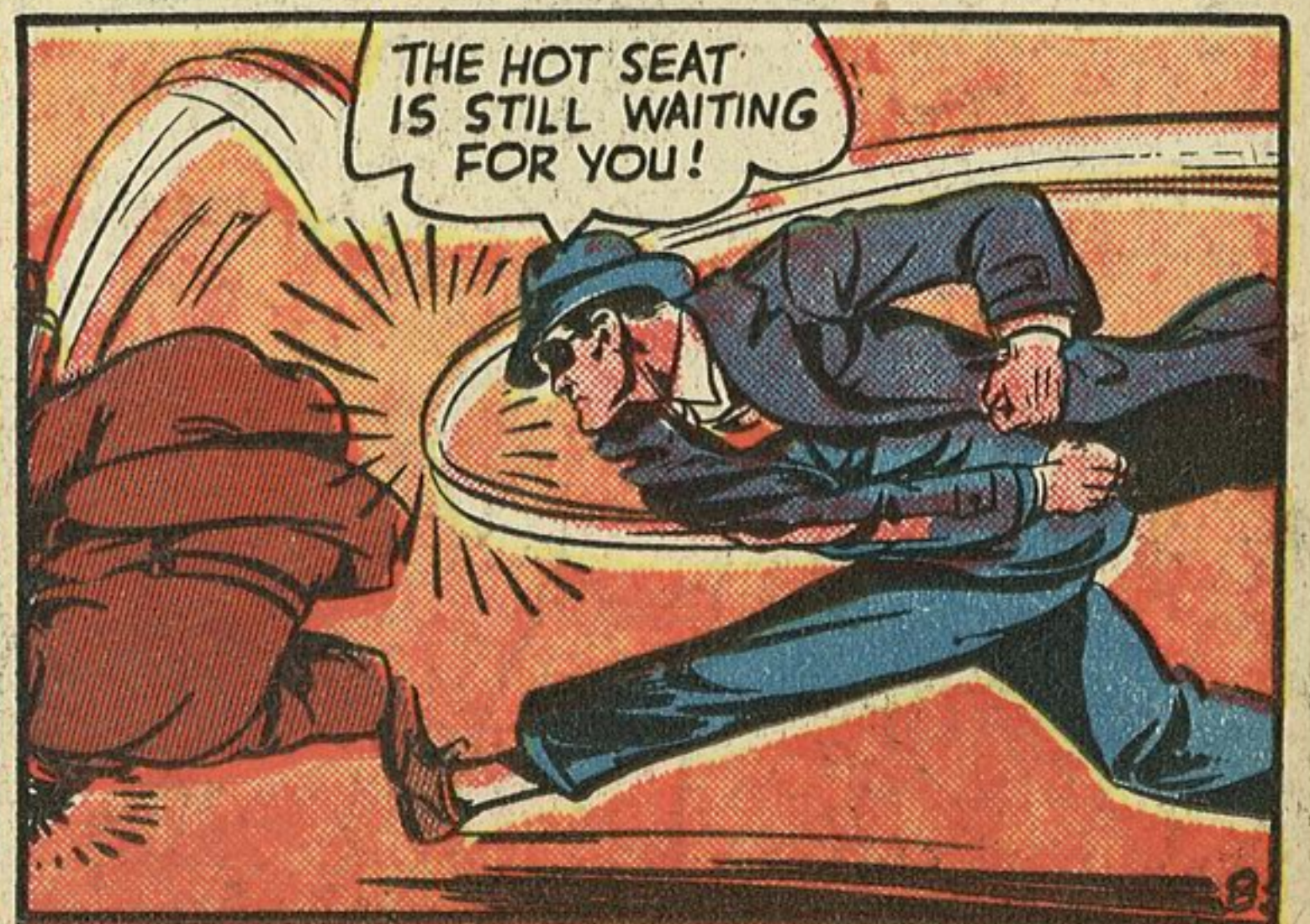
THAT'S FUNNY! NOT ONE OF THESE GORILLA'S HAS A GUN!

NUTS! WE'LL GET THE GOODS ON 'EM SOME OTHER TIME!

When the Cops leave...

GOSH! ... JUST THINK! IF THEY HAD LOOKED INTO MY POCKETS!

AW, DON'T WORRY, SELWYN! YOU'RE REALLY A TOUGH GUY —ONLY YOU DON'T KNOW IT!

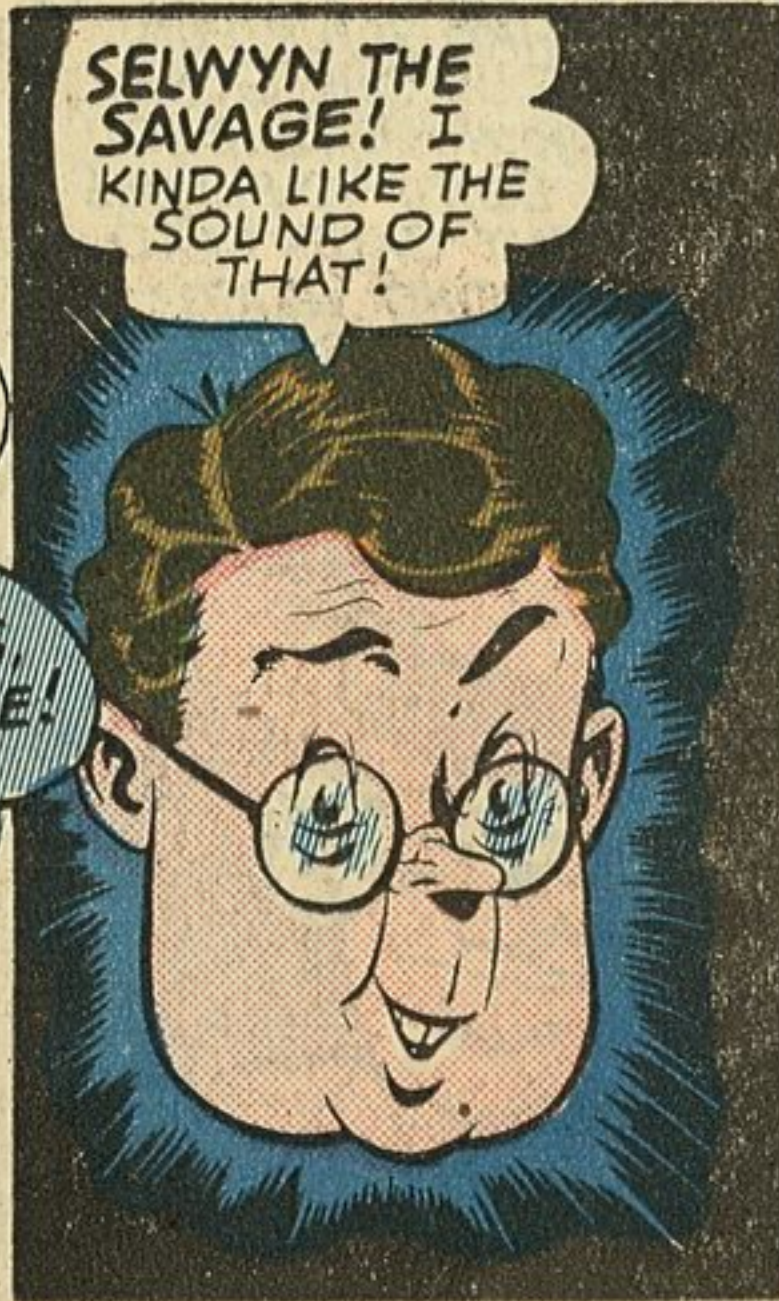


OH... SELWYN... YOU WERE WONDERFUL! YOU TRIED TO KILL A MAN FOR ME! I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD BE SO-- SO-- SAVAGE! YES-- THAT'S IT! YOU'RE LIKE SANDOW... ONLY YOU'RE SELWYN THE SAVAGE!



GOODNESS, GERTRUDE! DO YOU THINK SO?

SELWYN THE SAVAGE! I KINDA LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT!



I JUST REMEMBERED --- I HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF --- AND I MUST HELP MIDNIGHT!



OKAY, MIDNIGHT! YOU'VE GOT ME CORNERED, SO I'LL HAVE TO COOL YOU OFF! I'D HAVE DONE IT BEFORE, ONLY THIS HEATER'S TOO HARD TO GET AT!

THAT'S TOO BAD!... BUT YOU'RE NOT USING IT!



OOOOOOOF!

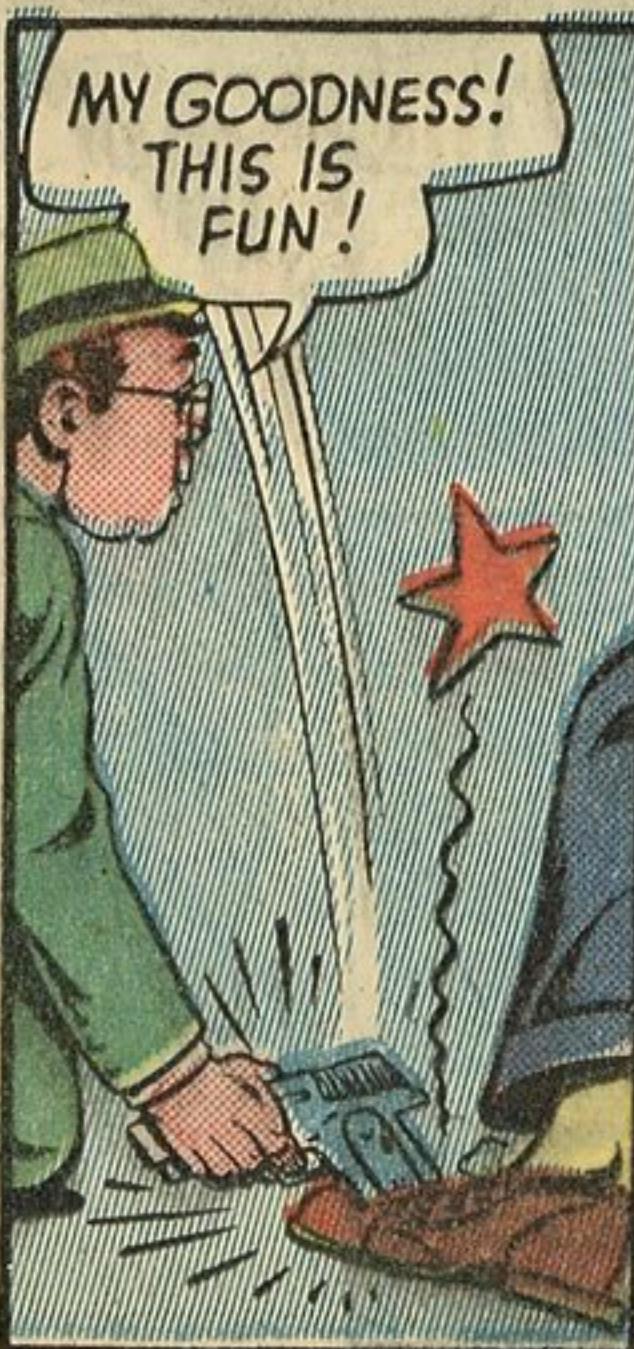
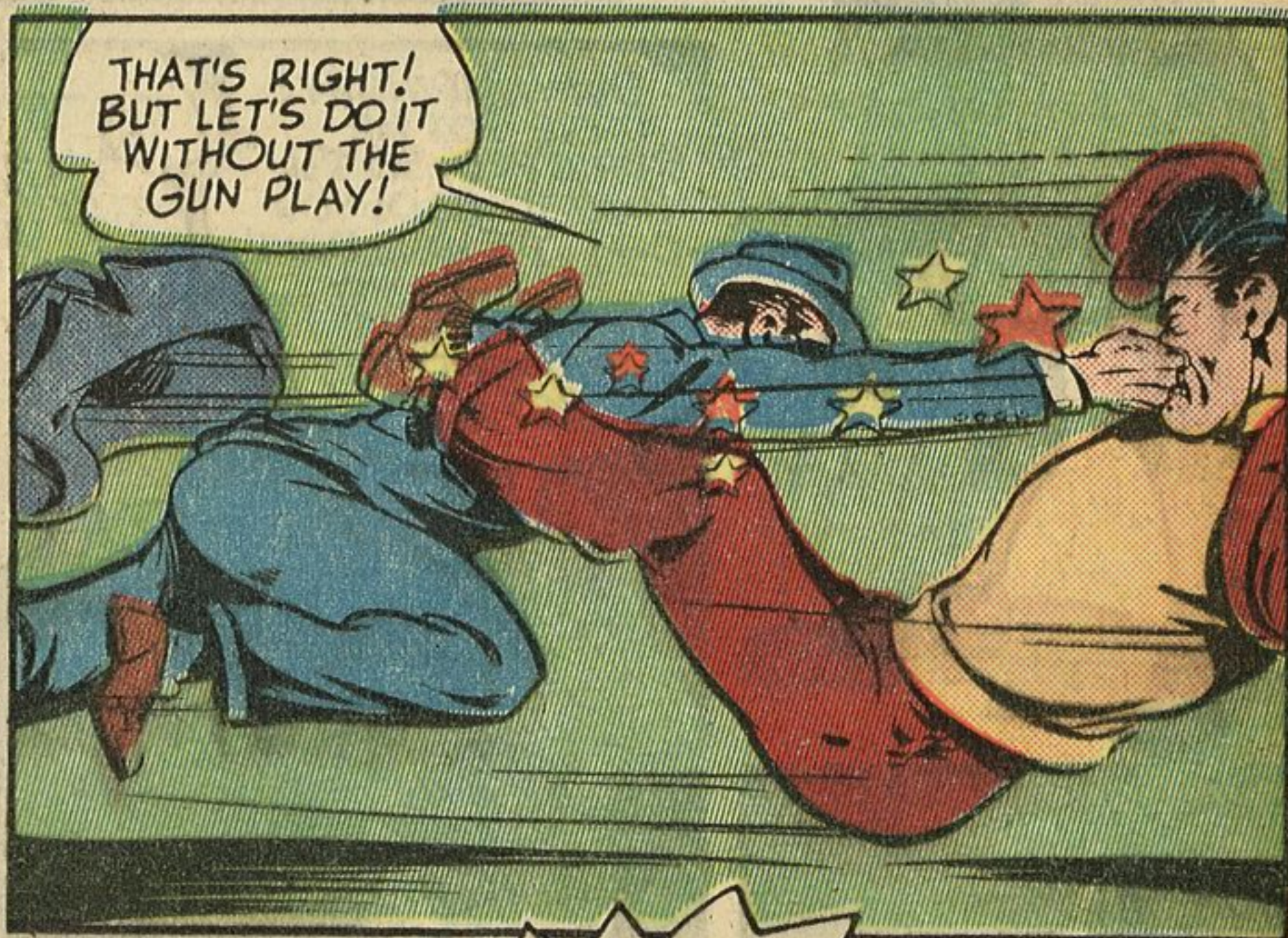


I'LL ANNIHILATE HIM!

TAKE IT EASY, LITTLE MAN!... THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY!



SMASH COMICS





HEY, DOC! PILE THESE BABIES UP SO YOU CAN KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM!

AND BE PARTICULARLY CAREFUL WITH KILLER MIKE!



HEY! MIDNIGHT! THE COPS ARE COMING!



NOW'S THE TIME TO RETURN THEIR GUNS!

OH, YES... SO THE POLICE CAN FIND THEM!



HOLY COW! OH--- MIDNIGHT'S HERE! NO WONDER THESE MUGGS ARE WRECKED!

THEY'RE HEELED! GOOD!... NOW WE CAN SEND 'EM UP, THIS TIME!



THANKS FOR CLEANING HOUSE, MIDNIGHT!



MIDNIGHT, NOTHING! IT WAS SELWYN THE SAVAGE WHO DID IT! DIDN'T YOU, DEAR!

WELL, NOW... GERTRUDE!

"SELWYN THE SAVAGE"--? I CAN DIE HAPPY NOW! ... I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!



IS THIS ON THE LEVEL, MIDNIGHT?

SURE! SELWYN GETS THE GLORY! ALL I WANT IS KILLER MIKE!

AND, BROTHER! HE SURE GOT HIM!

Just wait! UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS! YOU JUST CAN'T MISS MIDNIGHT'S GREATEST ADVENTURE!

WUN CLOO

by
RALPH
JOHNS

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

GOT A TIP THIS IS
HONORABLE CROOKED
FORTUNE TELLER ...
I'LL CHECK UP
AND SEE!

SWAMI
RIVERS
FORTUNE
TELLER
DE LUXE

AH!... I SEE IT
ALL NOW... THE
SPIRITS SAY
YOU ARE
FLAT BROKE!

YOU'RE
WRONG
THERE!

I'VE GOT
TEN BUCKS
AND THIRTY-
SIX CENTS!

AH, BUT I'M
RIGHT,
BECAUSE...

THAT'S **EXACTLY**
MY FEE FOR
YOUR HEARING!

HMMM!

AW, YOU'RE NOT
SO HOT! ... WUN
CLOO CAN DO
FORTUNE TELLING,
TOO!

DON'T
MAKE ME
LAUGH!

I PREDICT IN
TEN MINUTES
YOU'RE GOING ON
A **LONG**
JOURNEY!

HA-HA-HA! ...
THAT'S RICH!
WHY, I HAVEN'T
BEEN OUT OF THIS
BUILDING FOR
TEN
YEARS!

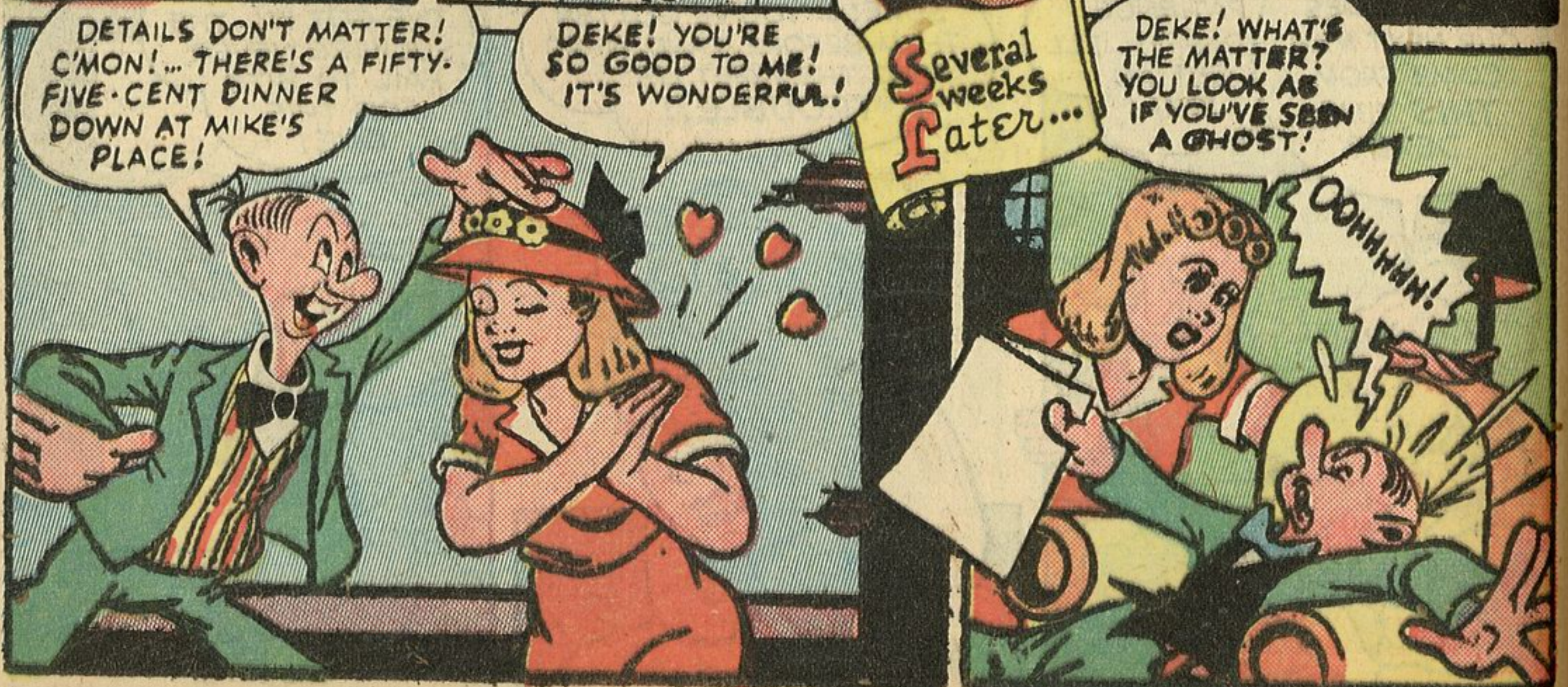
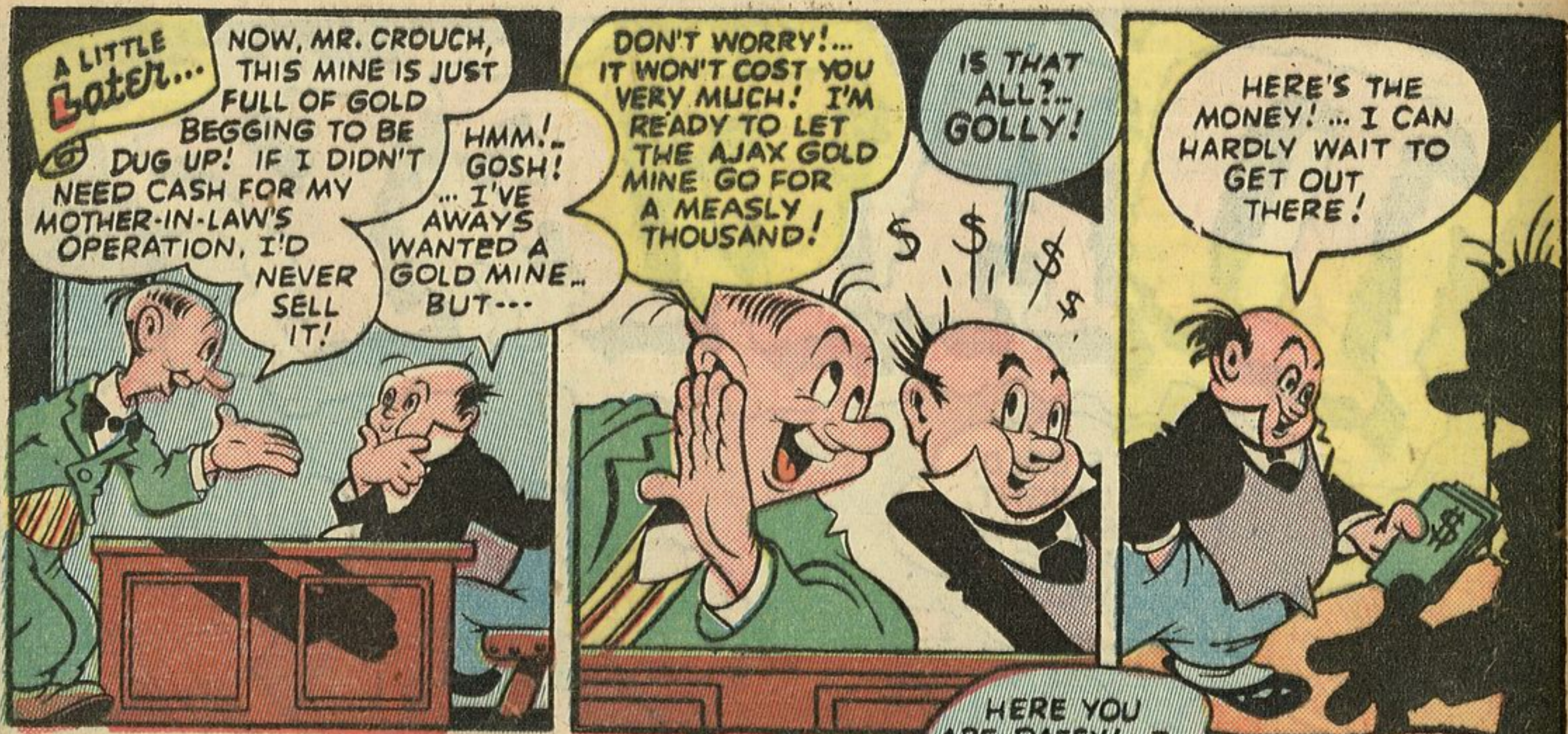
THEN YOU
WON'T MIND
BEING IN **THIS**
ONE FOR **TEN**
MORE!

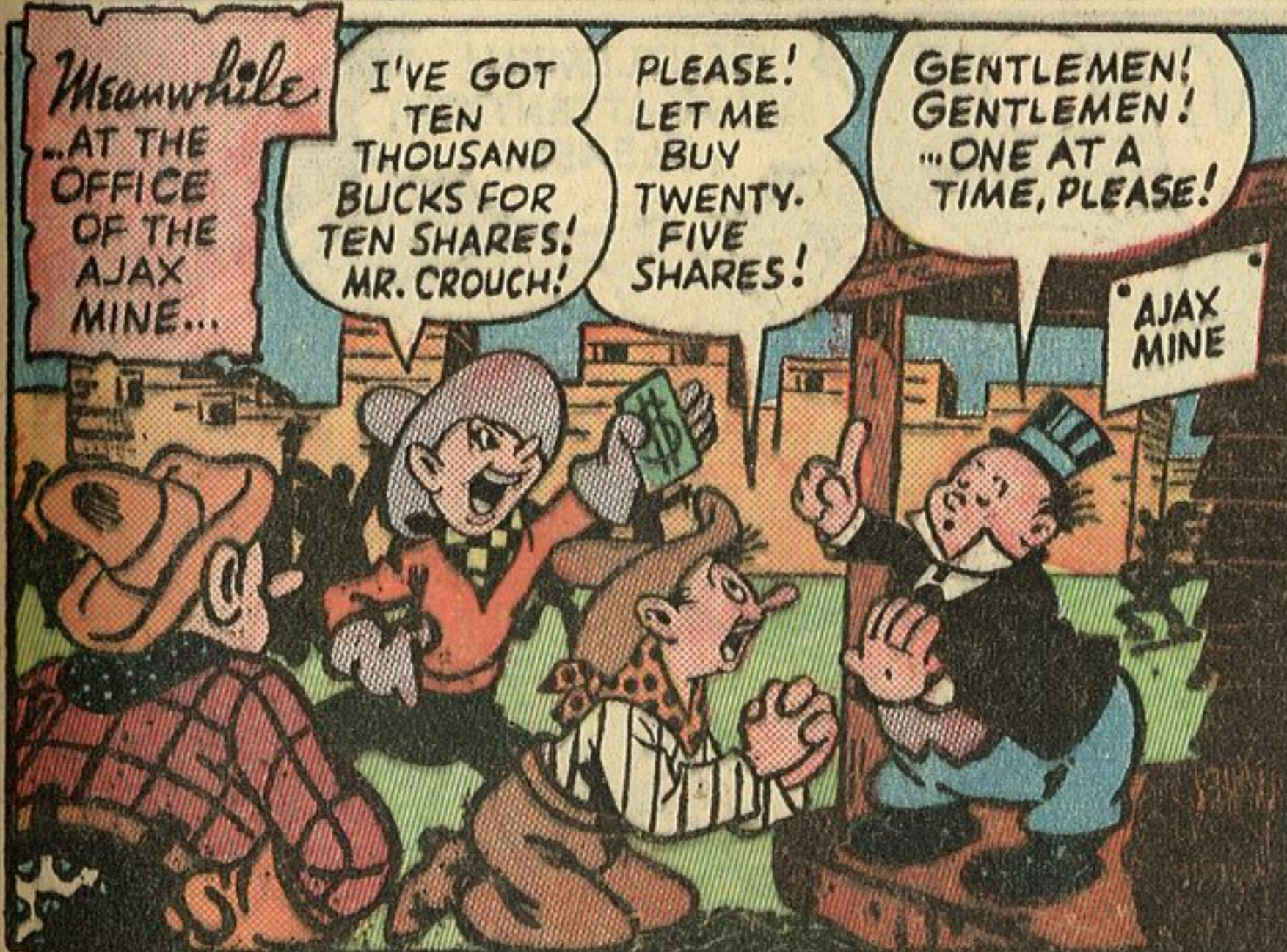
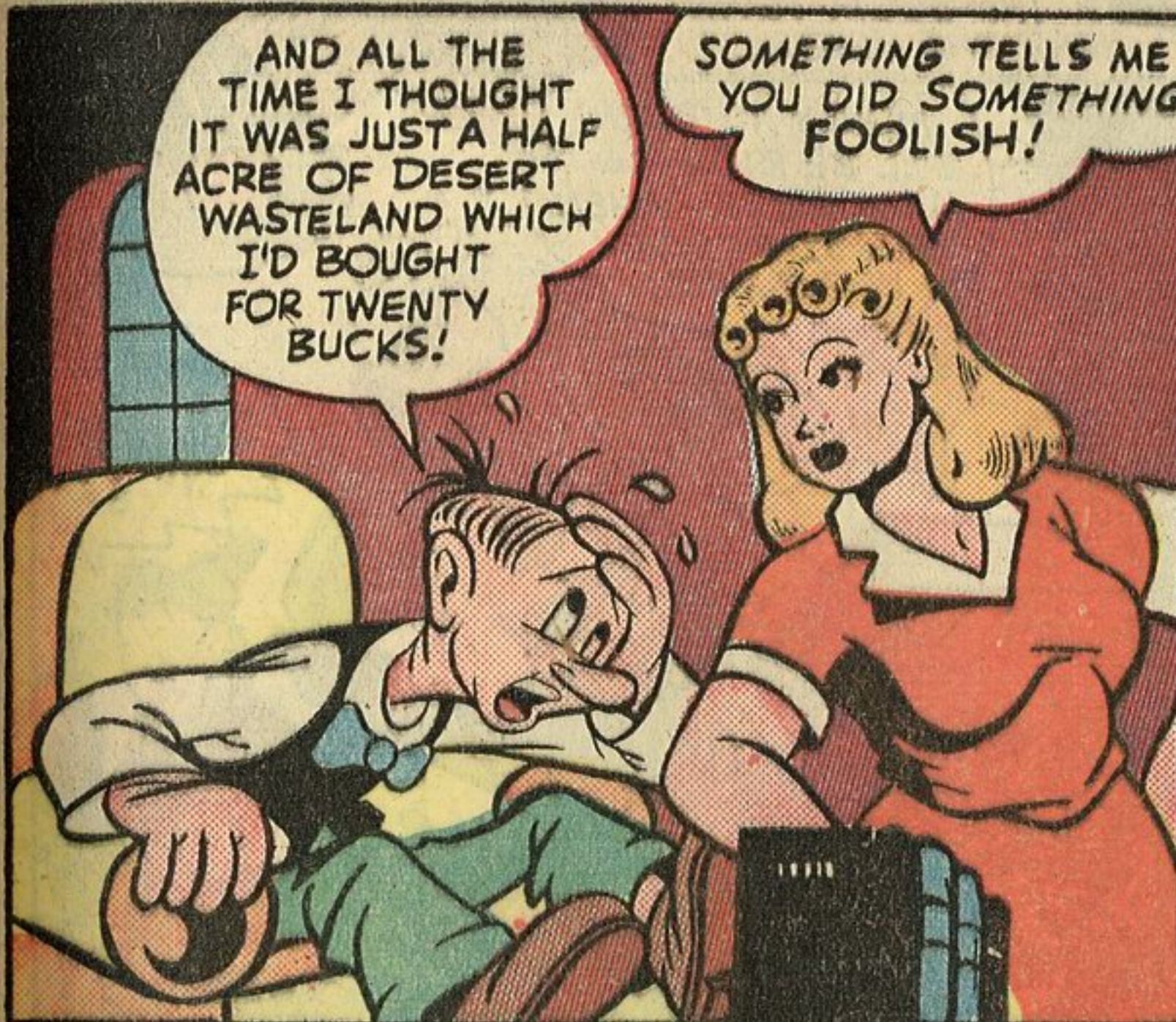
SING
SING

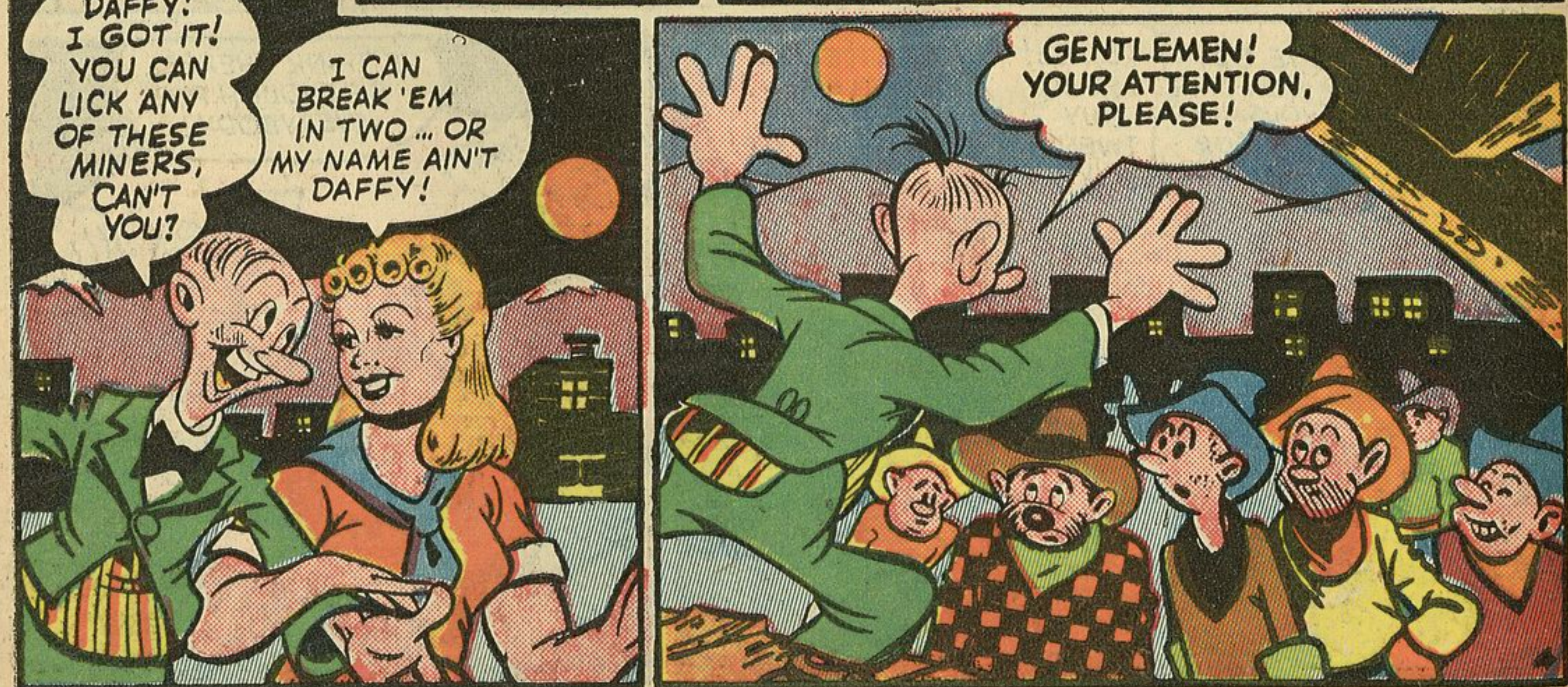
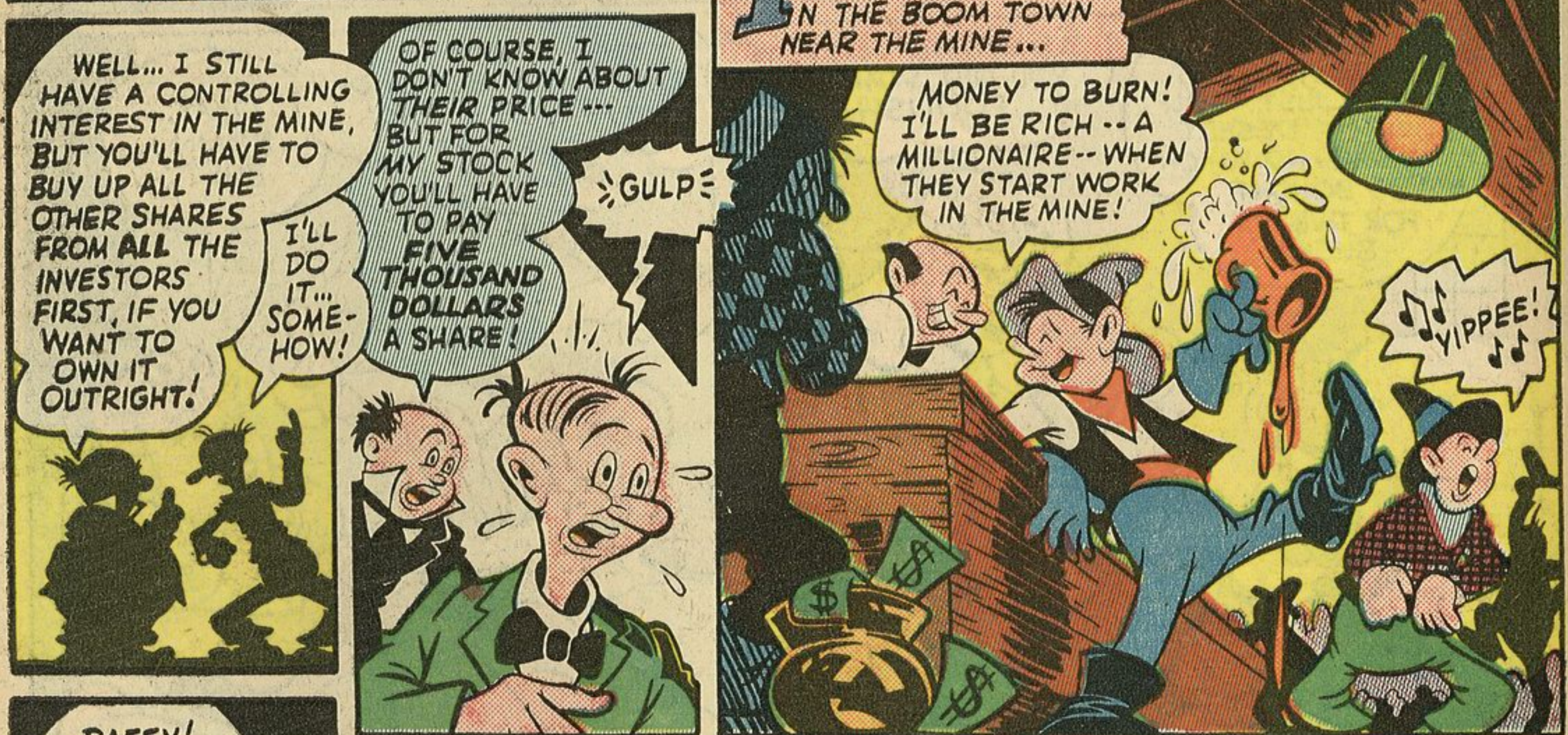
POLICE

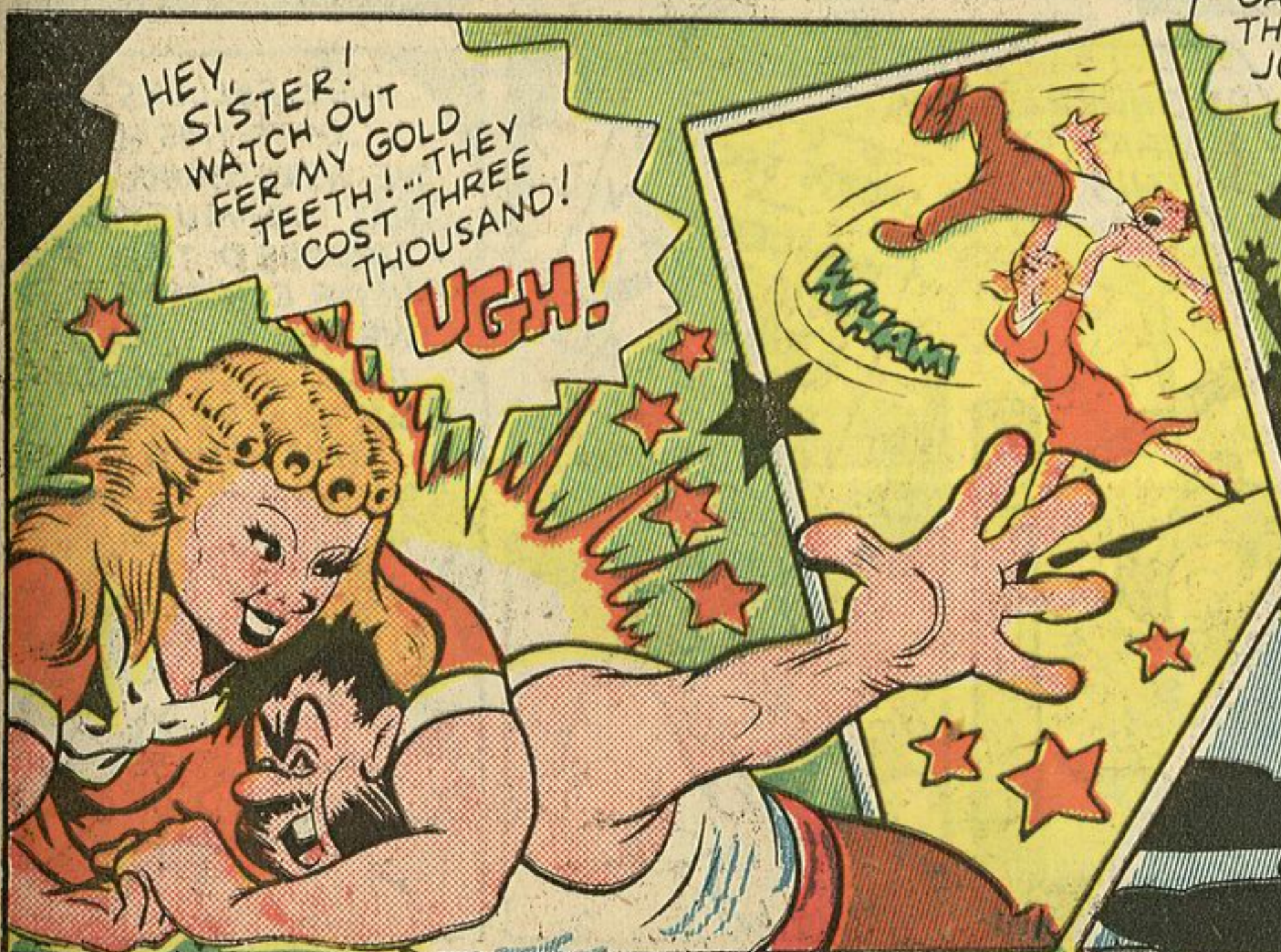
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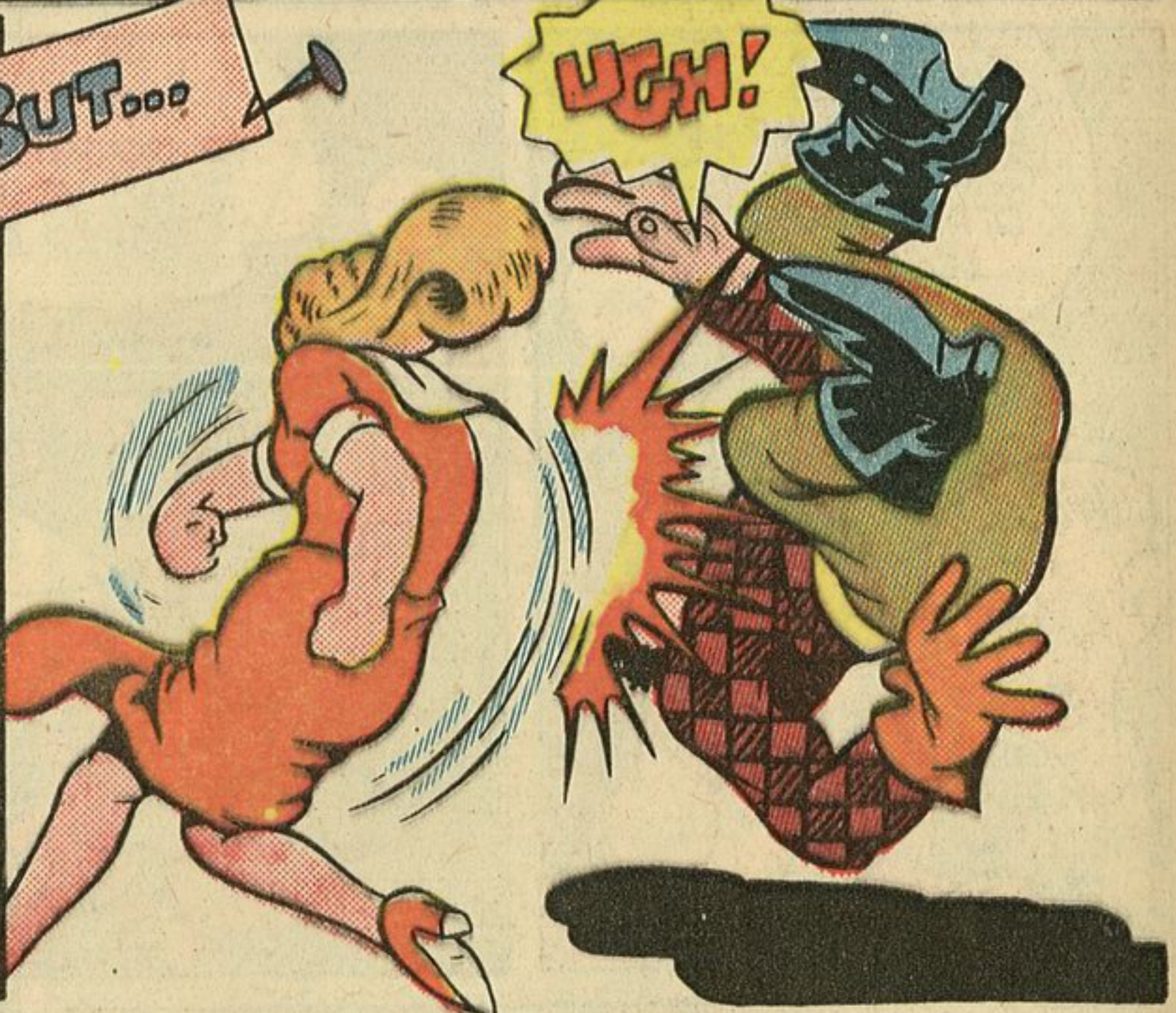
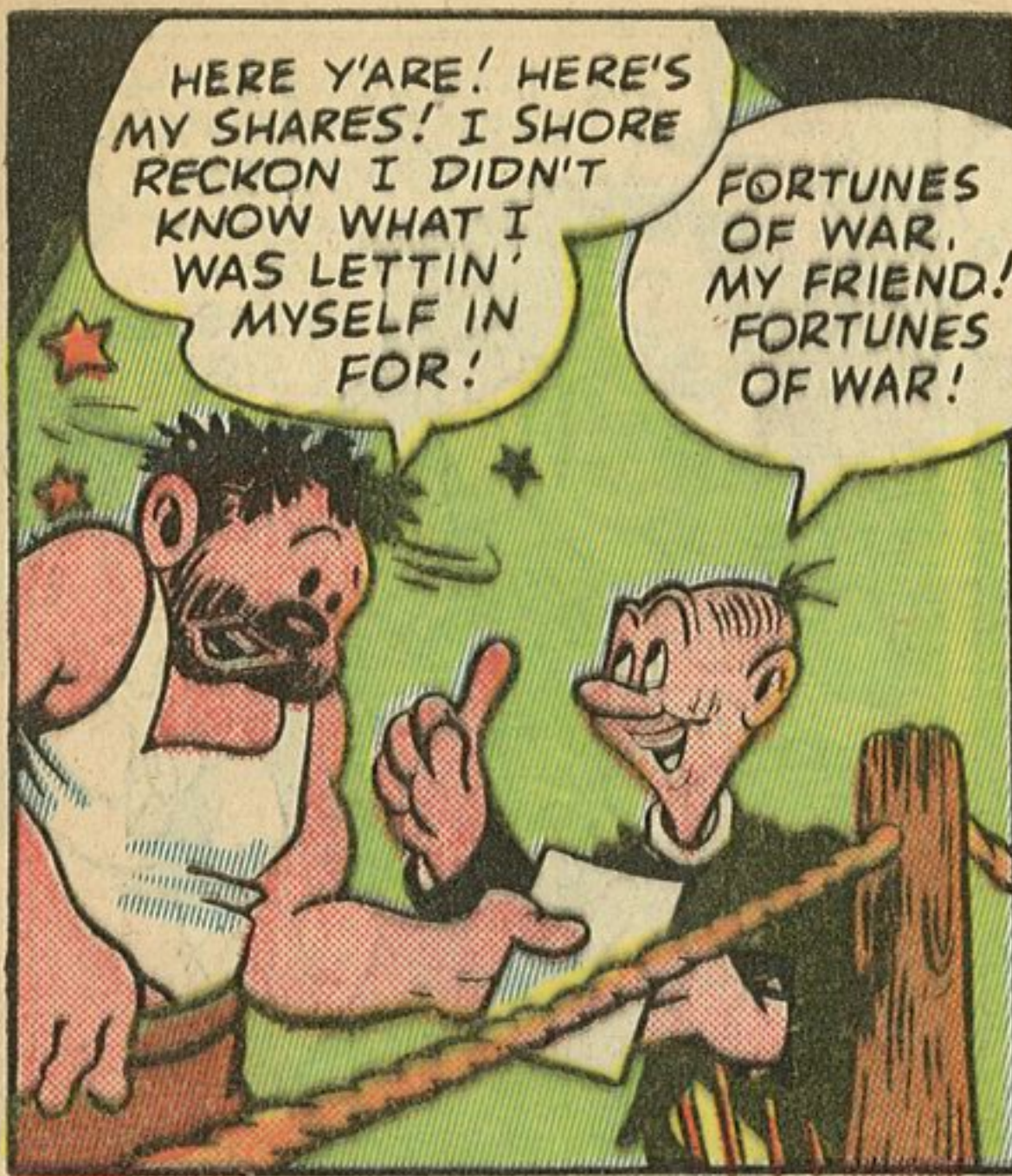




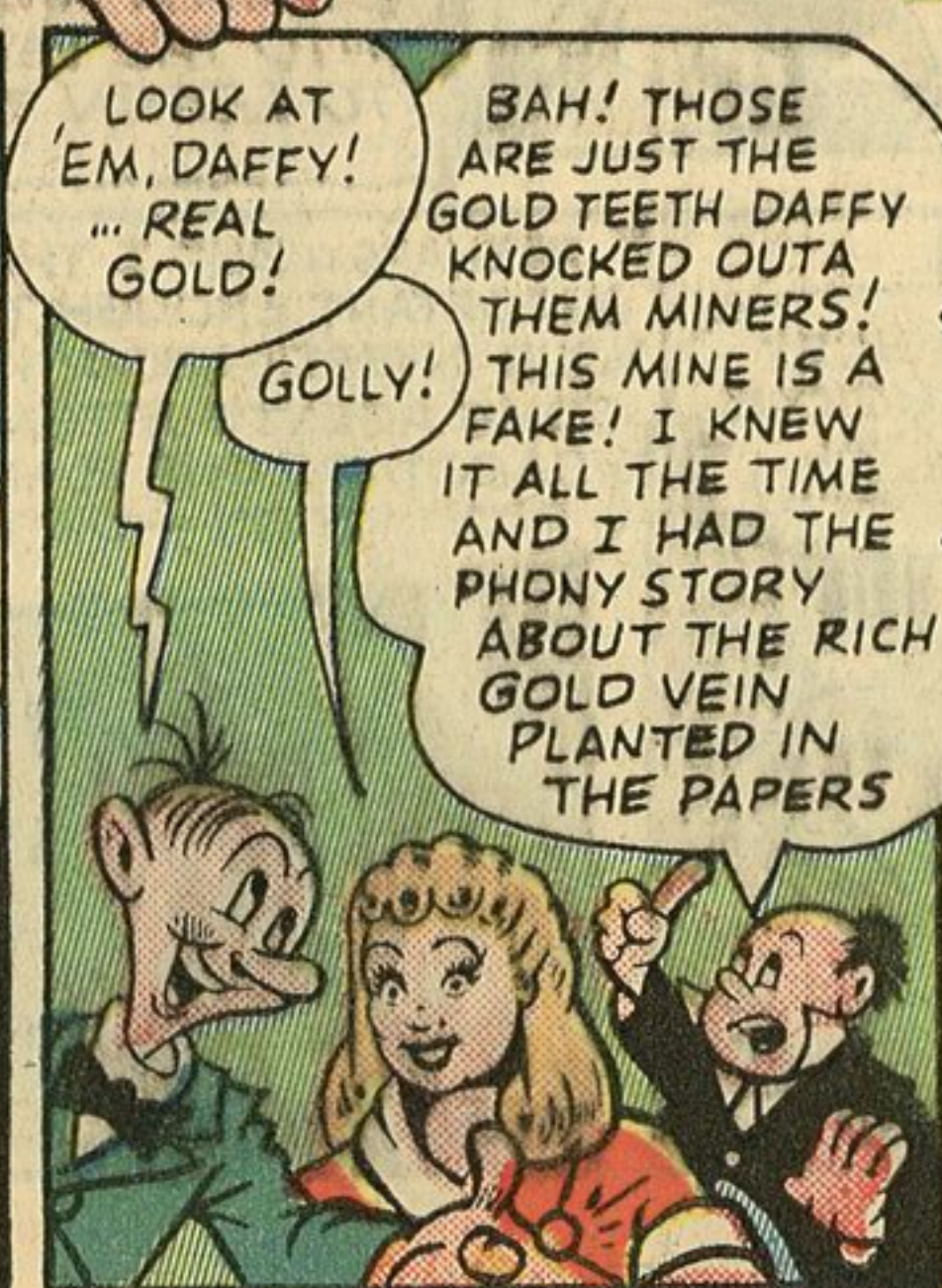
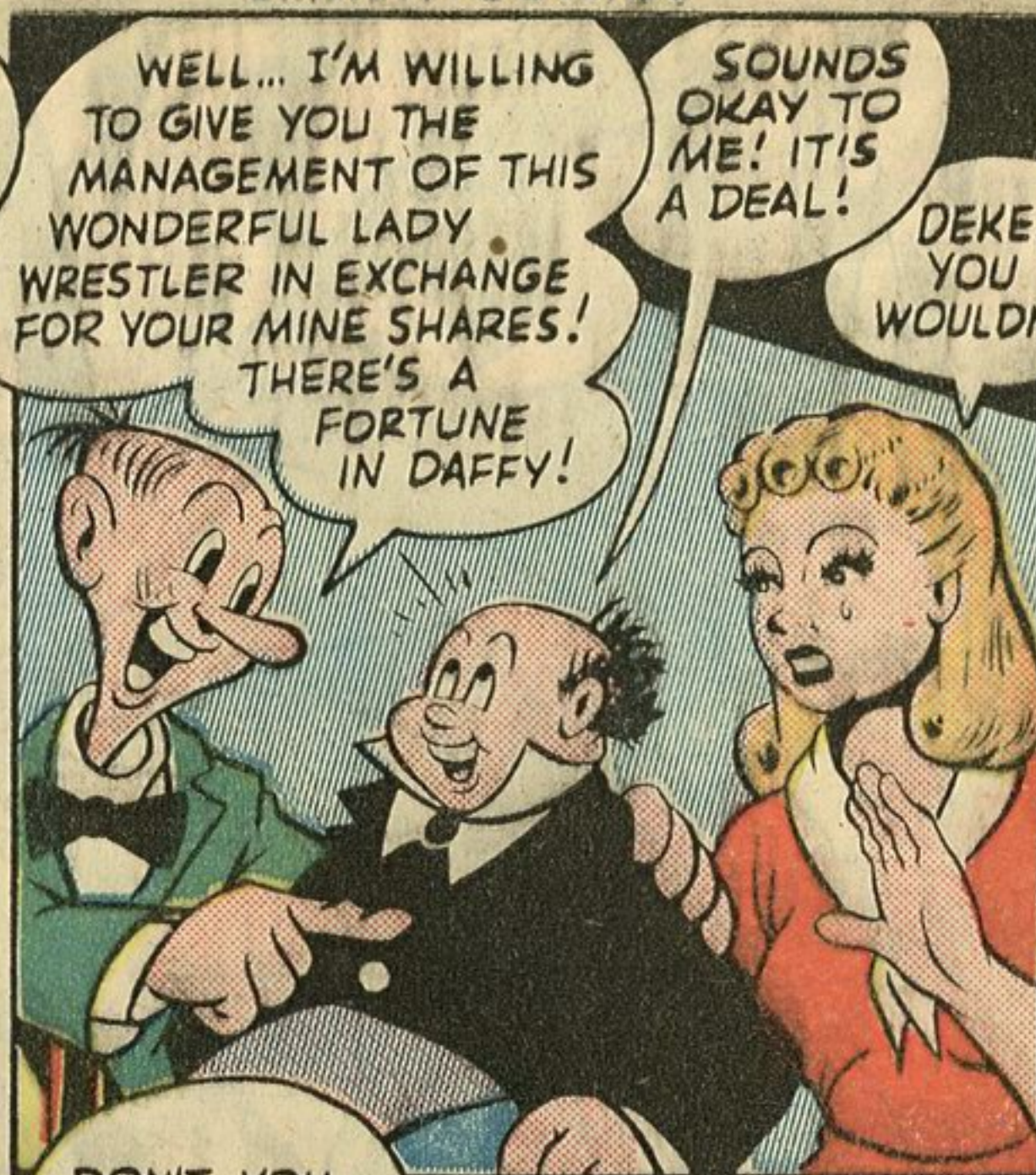
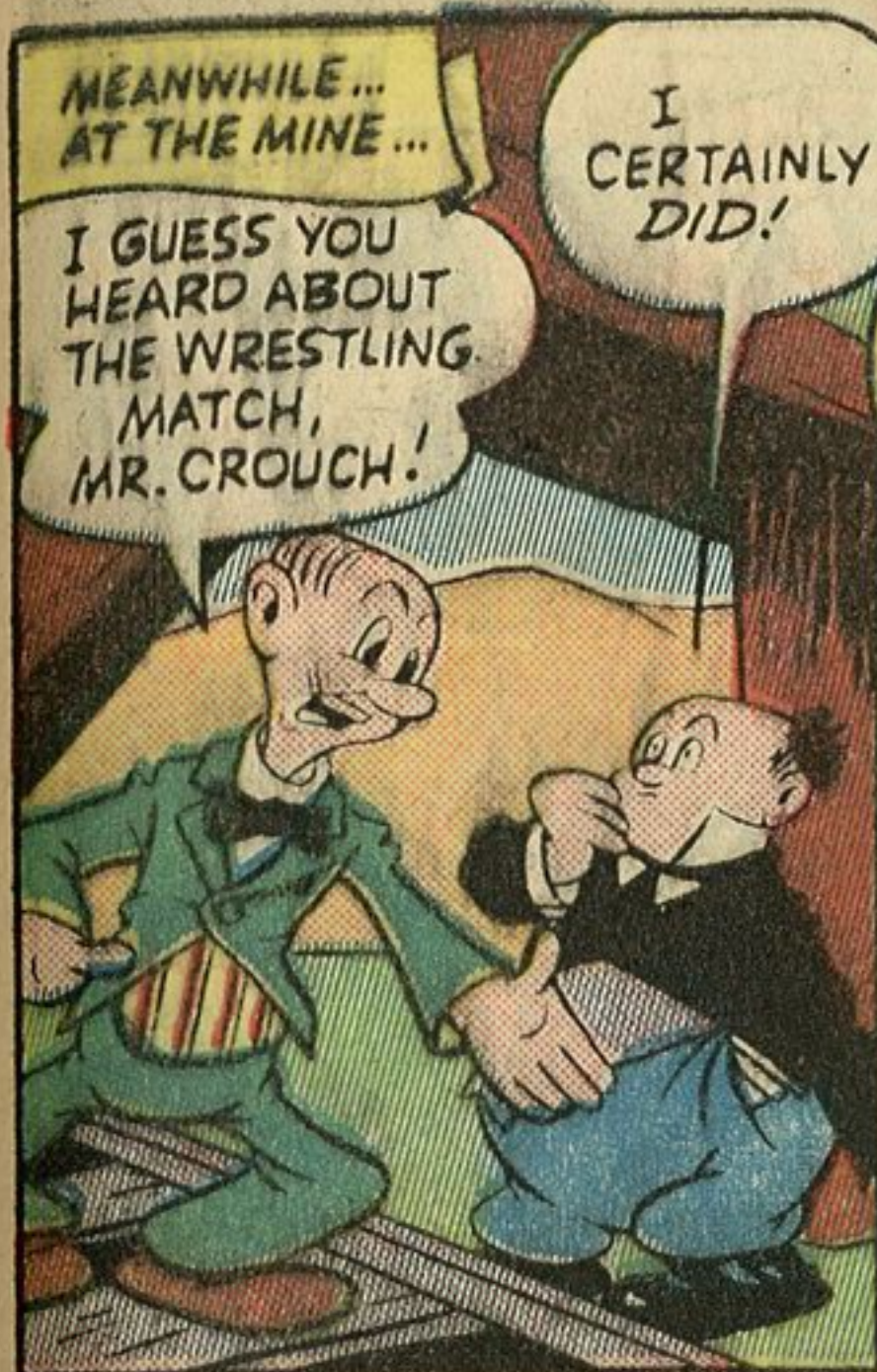








SMASH COMICS



ESPIONAGE

by
BERNARD
SAGHS



Ceylon...
Age-old
Island
of dark
Secrets...

ONCE, THE NATIVES
OF THIS LAND OF
MYSTERY, FEARED THE
UNKNOWN EVILS
WHICH MIGHT LURK
BENEATH THE RUINS
OF THEIR ANCIENT
TEMPLES! ...

NOW, THE ENTIRE WORLD HAD
CAUSE TO TREMBLE!... WHY?...
BLACK X AND BATU HAD TO STEP
INTO THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH
TO LEARN THE ANSWER!

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS
SOMEWHERE IN INDIA ...

THE CEYLON PLANTERS
HAVE BEEN COMPLAINING
THAT THE NATIVES
WON'T STAY
ON THEIR
JOBS!...

... THEY
FLOCK TO
THE RUINS OF
THEIR ANCIENT
TEMPLES AND
STAY THERE!

SOME SORT
OF RELIGIOUS
REVIVAL,
PERHAPS!

PERHAPS ... BUT I THINK IT'S
IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO WARRANT
YOUR INVESTIGATION! IT MAY BE
SOME AGENT'S ATTEMPT TO
SABOTAGE OUR PLANTATION
PRODUCTION --OR WORSE!

OKAY!
WE'LL
LEAVE
AT
ONCE!

IN CEYLON, BLACK X AND BATU VISIT A PLANTATION NEAR THE ANCIENT RUINS...

THEY'VE ALL GONE! THIS PLANTATION WILL GO TO POT! ONLY ONE OF MY BOYS IS HERE-- AND HE'S LEAVING SOON!



THERE HE GOES NOW!

HELLO, BOY! MAY I TALK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE?



WHY ARE YOU LEAVING?

MUST GO! IS COMMAND OF GREAT GOD SUVA!

THEY'VE ALL BEEN SAYING THAT! THEY GO DOWN TO THE RUINS AND THAT'S ALL WE SEE OF THEM!

COMMAND OF GREAT GOD SUVA, EH? I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT!

HAVE ANY OF YOU PLANTERS BEEN DOWN TO THE RUINS?

OF COURSE NOT! IT'S AS MUCH AS A WHITE MAN'S LIFE IS WORTH, JUST TO BE SEEN THERE!



I BEG PARDON, MASTER -- BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THE RUINS ARE THE LOGICAL PLACE TO GO!

MY IDEA, EXACTLY, BATU!

WELL, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

THAT SAME DAY...

THERE ARE THE RUINS, NOW!





THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD!
AND THE DEAD SILENCE! IT'S A
CREEPY PLACE -- EH, BATU?

IT IS A FAMILIAR
SENSATION FOR ME
MASTER! I BELONG
TO THE ORIENT!



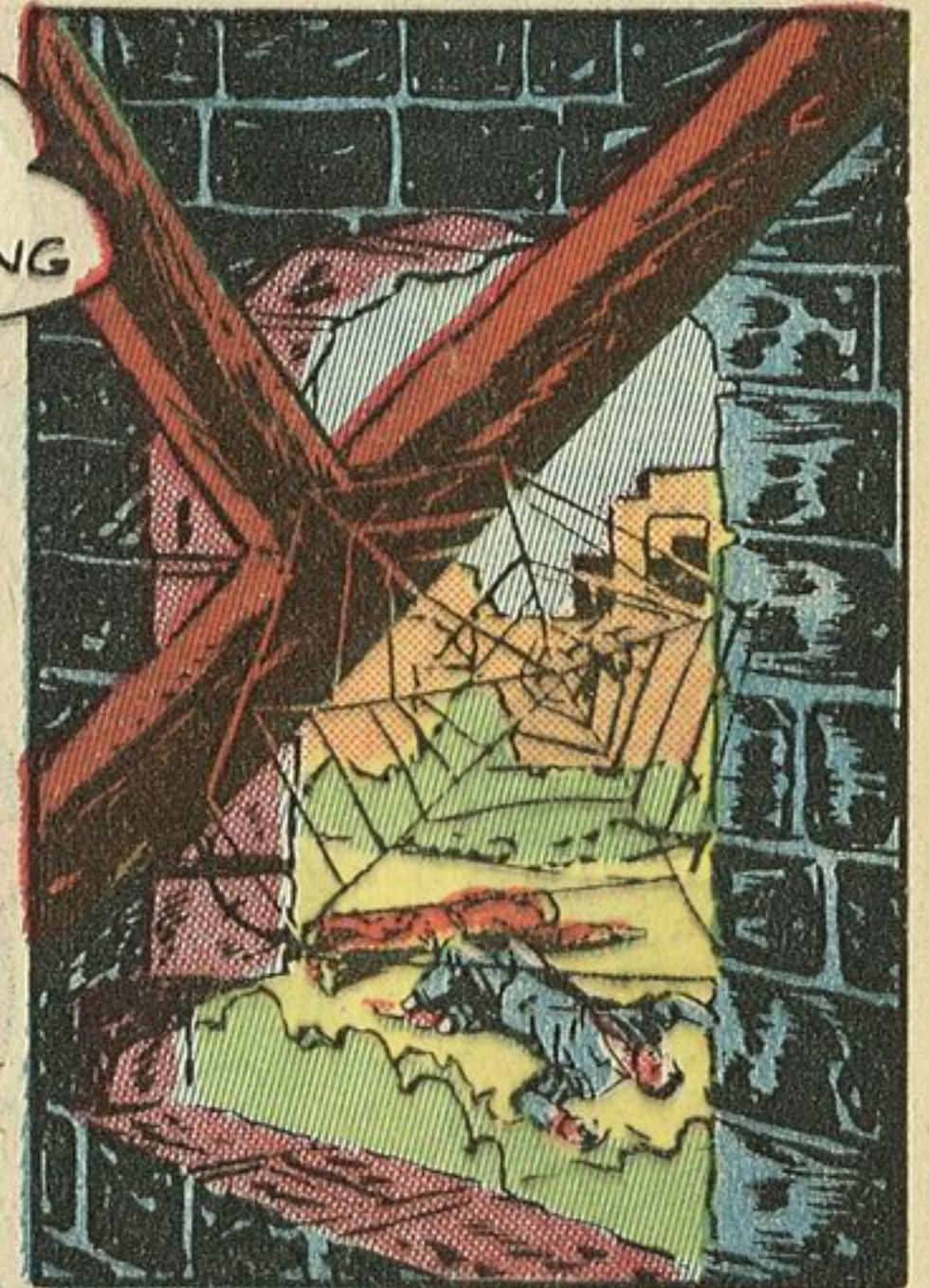
TRESPASSERS! .. YOU DARE
TO DEFILE THE DOMAIN OF
SUVA WITH YOUR PRESENCE!
THE PENALTY IS
DEATH!

WHAT --?
.. WHERE?



BATU! .. I
CAN'T GASP!
BREATHE!
.. GASP

SOMETHING
.. GASP ..
IS STRANGLING
US! ..



OUT OF THE RUINS, MYSTERIOUS FIGURES
APPEAR ...



IT IS THE
WILL OF
SUVA!



THE TRESPASSERS,
OH, MIGHTY
ONE!



THEY SHALL
BE A
SACRIFICE
TO ME...
SUVA!



YOU HAVE
HEARD THE VOICE
OF SUVA!

IT IS
THE WILL
OF
SUVA!



BEHOLD, OH, PEOPLE!
THESE STRANGERS ARE
LOATHED BY SUVA, WHO
DEMANDS THEIR BLOOD!
REMEMBER, SUVA DEMANDS
THAT YOU HATE ALL OF
THEIR KIND!
WE OBEY!

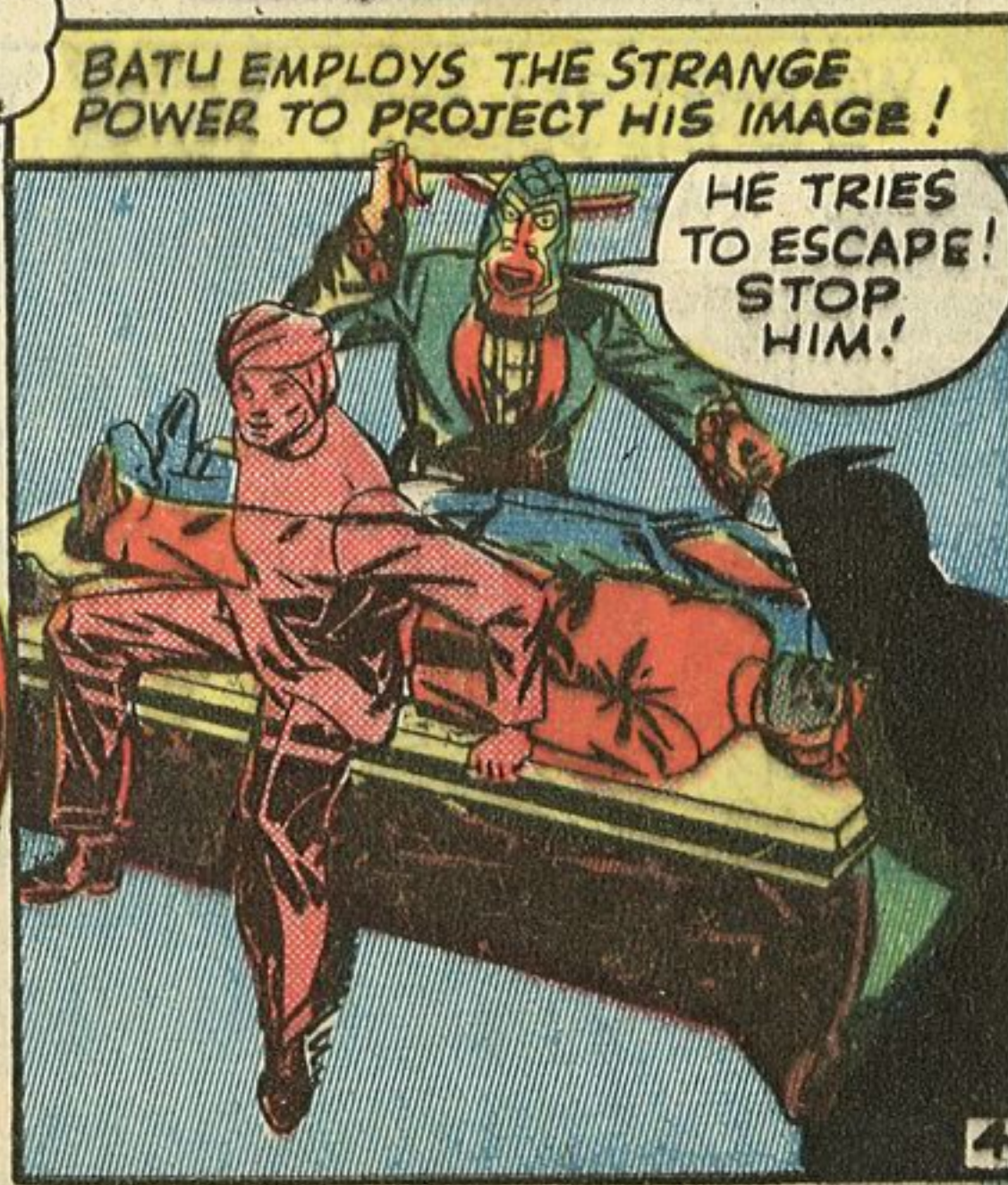


TO THEE, SUVA,
WE OFFER UP YOUR
ENEMIES!

WHAT
IN THE
NAME
OF...

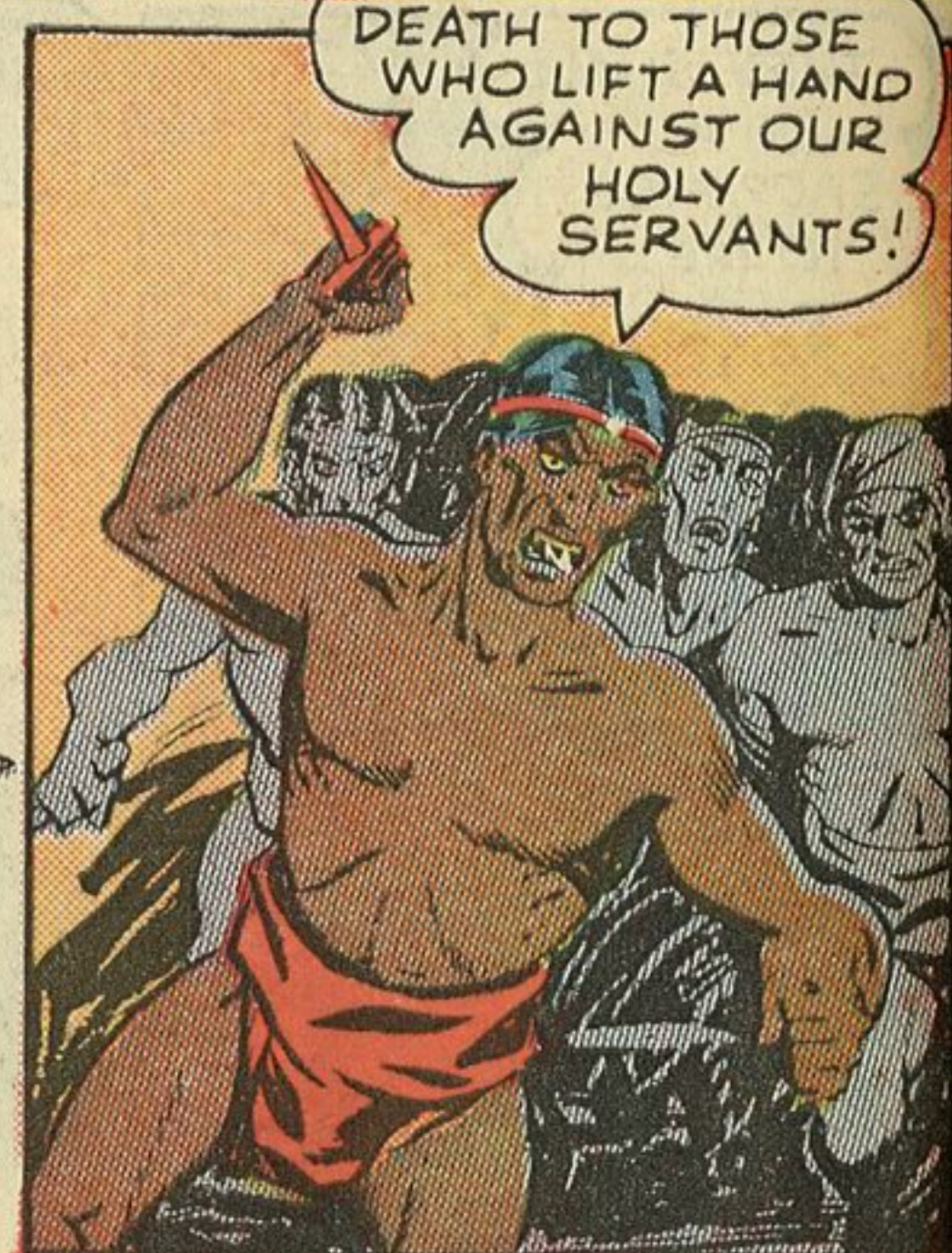


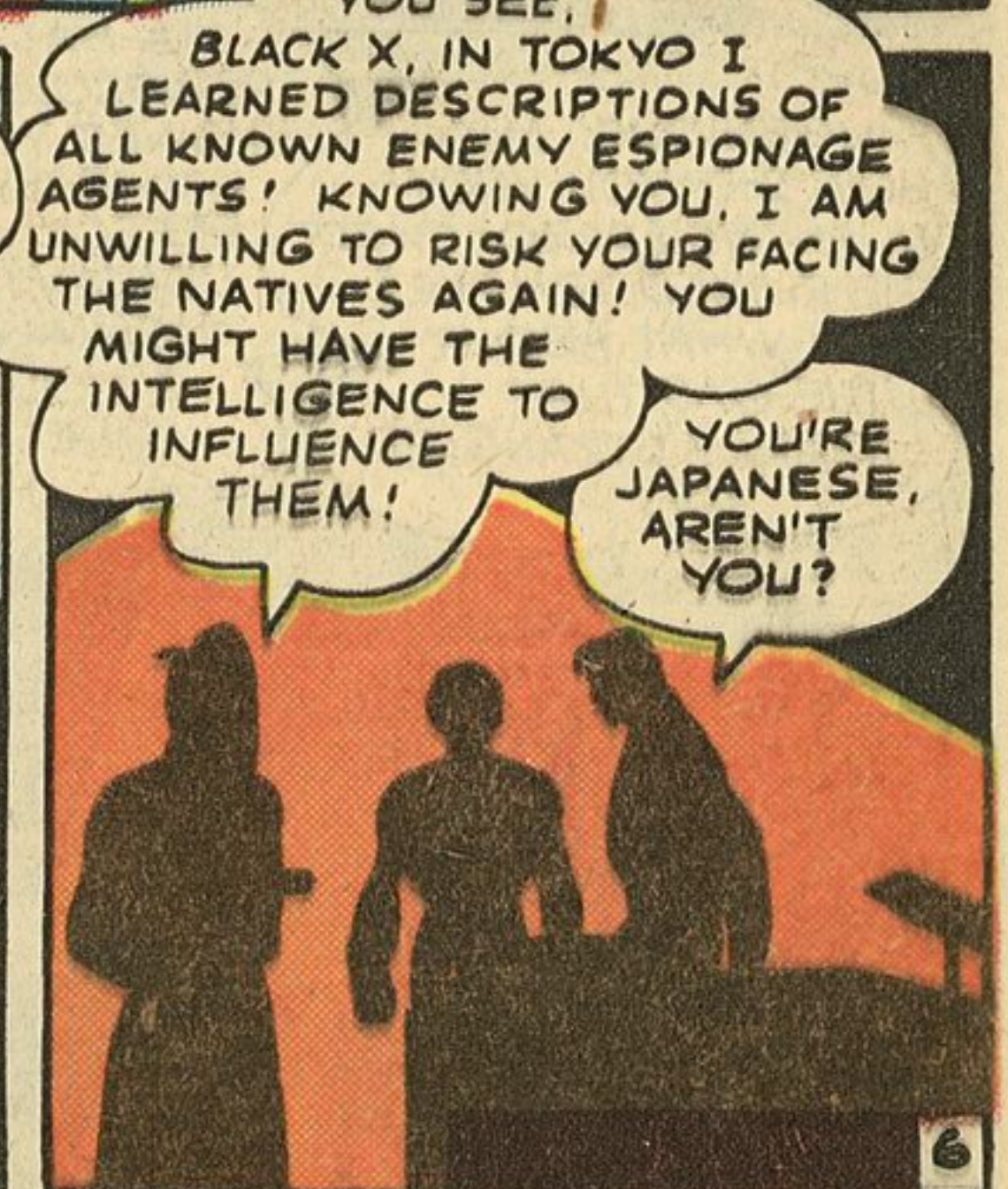
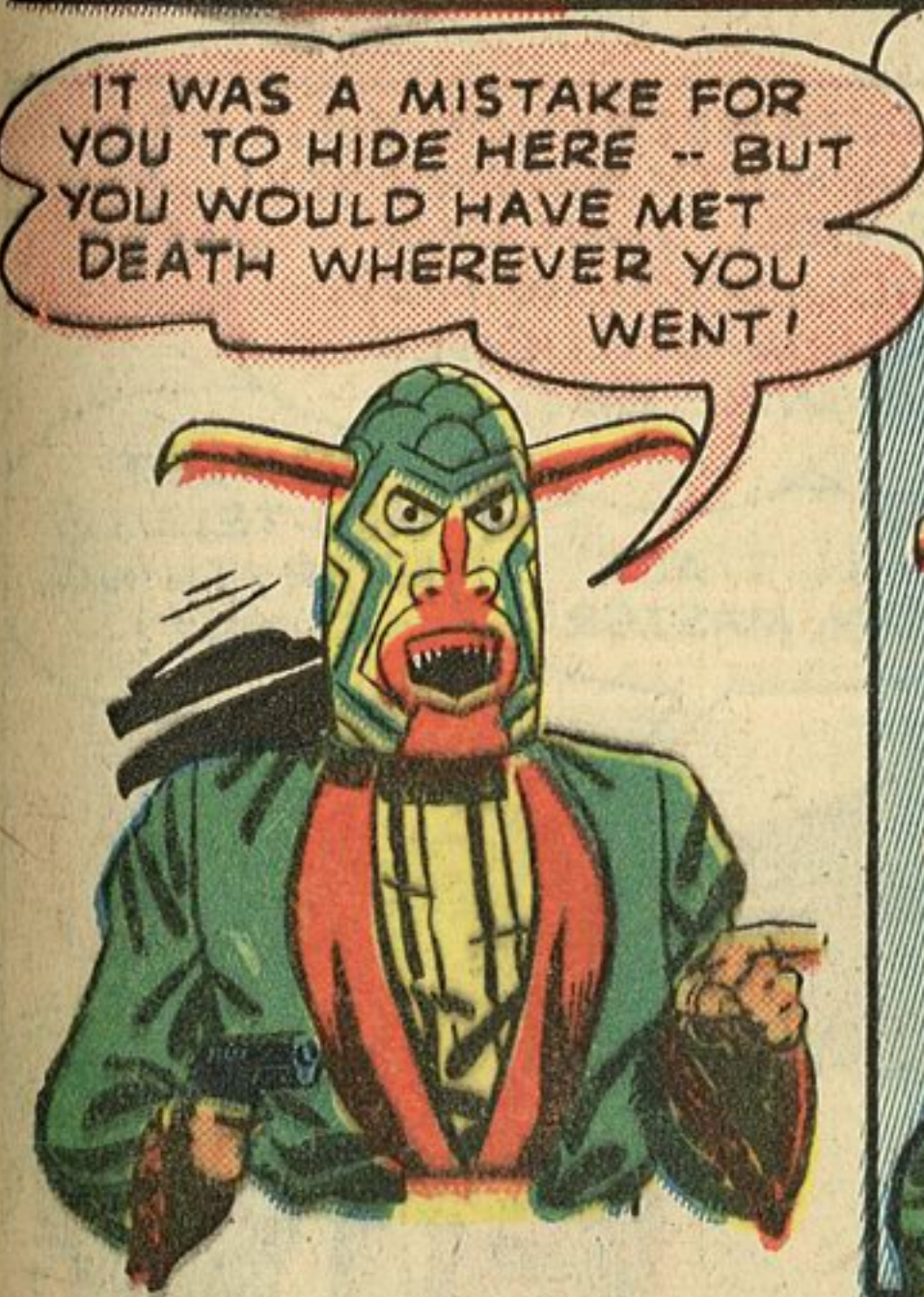
A BLOOD SACRIFICE!
I MUST ACT
QUICKLY BEFORE
THE MASTER
DIES!



BATU EMPLOYS THE STRANGE
POWER TO PROJECT HIS IMAGE!

HE TRIES
TO ESCAPE!
STOP
HIM!







EXACTLY, BLACK X!
WE JAPANESE KNOW HOW
TO USE THE SUPERSTITIONS
OF ASIATIC PEOPLES!

WELL... YOU
HAVE US COVERED...
DO YOU MIND
TELLING US
HOW YOU
WORKED
IT?



NOT AT ALL, SINCE
YOU ARE GOING TO
DIE! COME,
THIS WAY!



THE FIRE FROM SUVA'S
MOUTH IS CREATED BY THE
COMBUSTION OF GASES WHEN
I PRESS A BUTTON
ON THE FLOOR!

SUVA'S VOICE IS MY OWN,
AMPLIFIED! WHEN SUVA
SPEAKS, I KEEP MY ARMS
NEAR MY FACE AND TALK INTO
THIS TINY MICROPHONE!



INGENIOUS! AND
HOW DID YOU KNOW
WHEN WE APPROACHED
THE RUINED TEMPLE?--
AND WHAT ABOUT
THE GAS THAT
NEARLY STRANGLED
US?

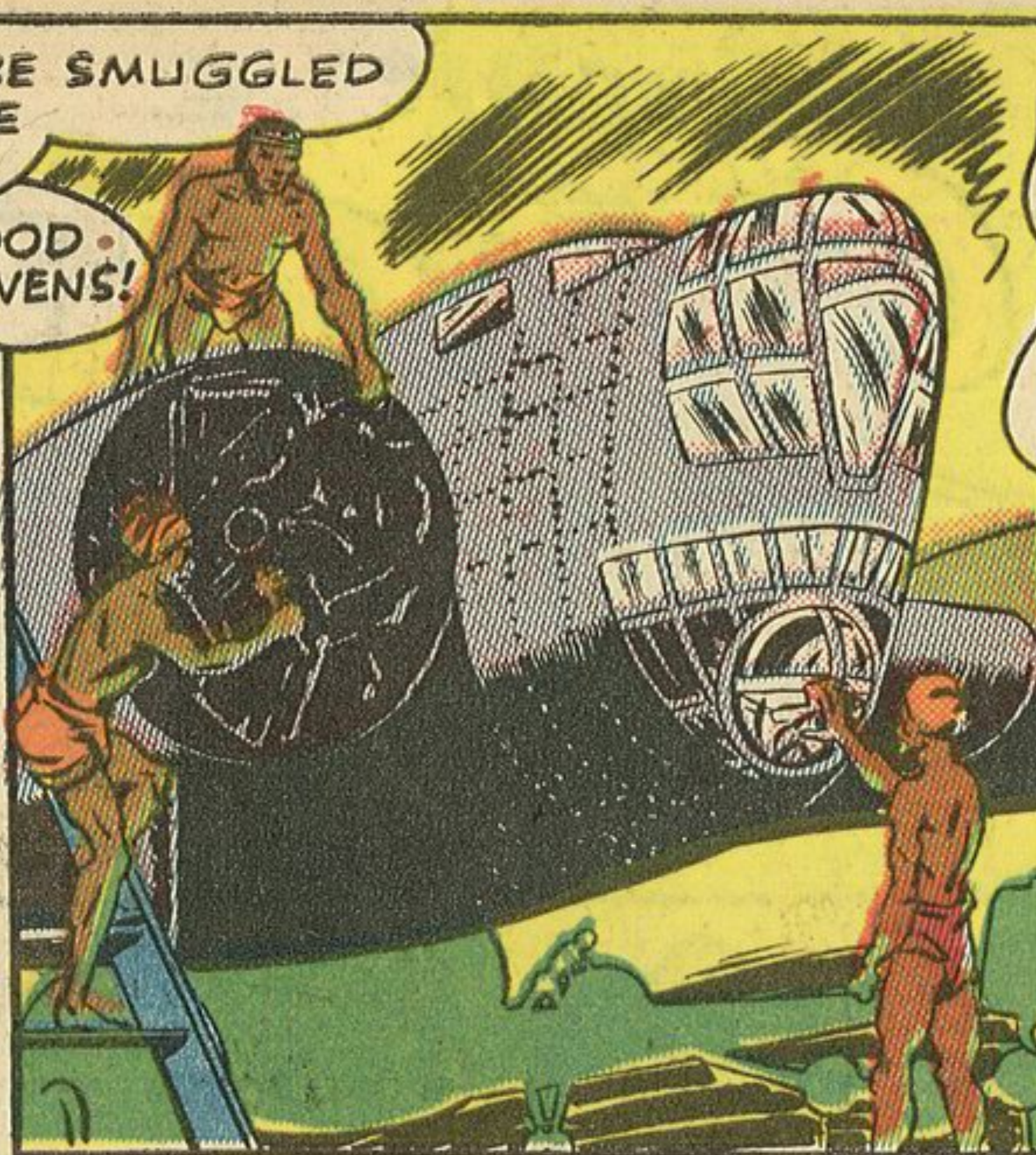
HA-HA! ...A
PERISCOPE DEVICE
SHOWED YOU CLEARLY!
-- THE GAS IS
EFFECTIVE, BUT NOT
DEADLY! I WANTED
YOU ALIVE SO THAT
I COULD IMPRESS
THESE NATIVE
IDIOTS!



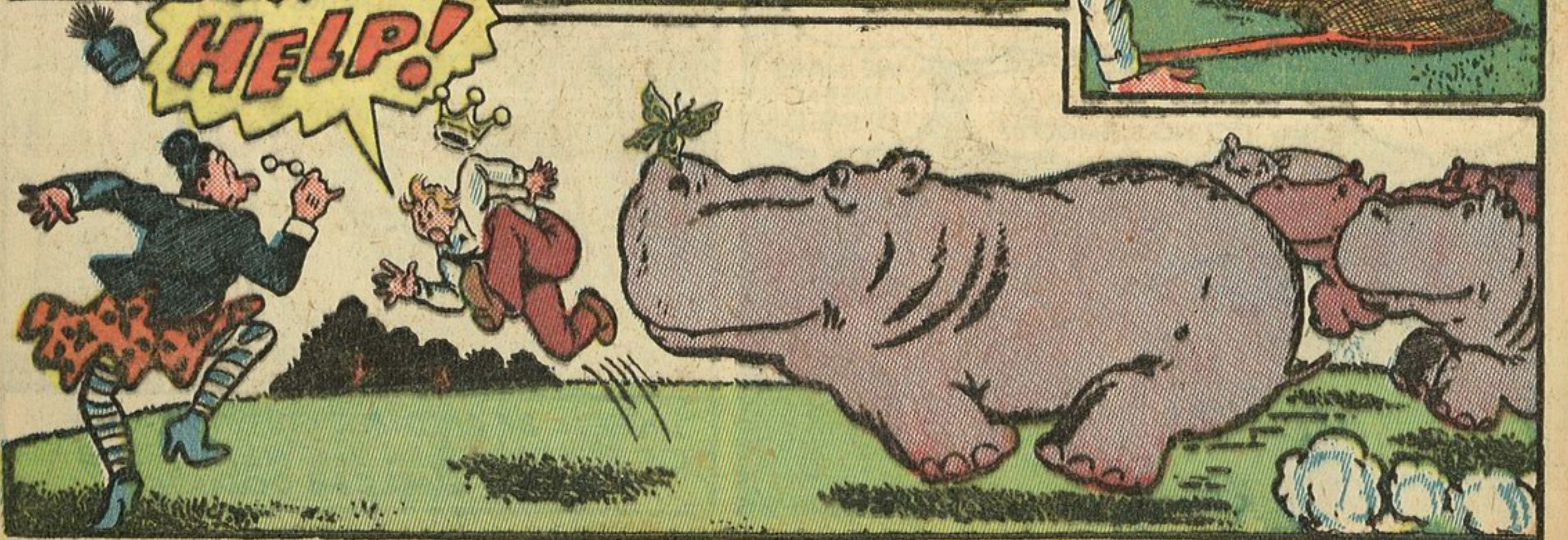
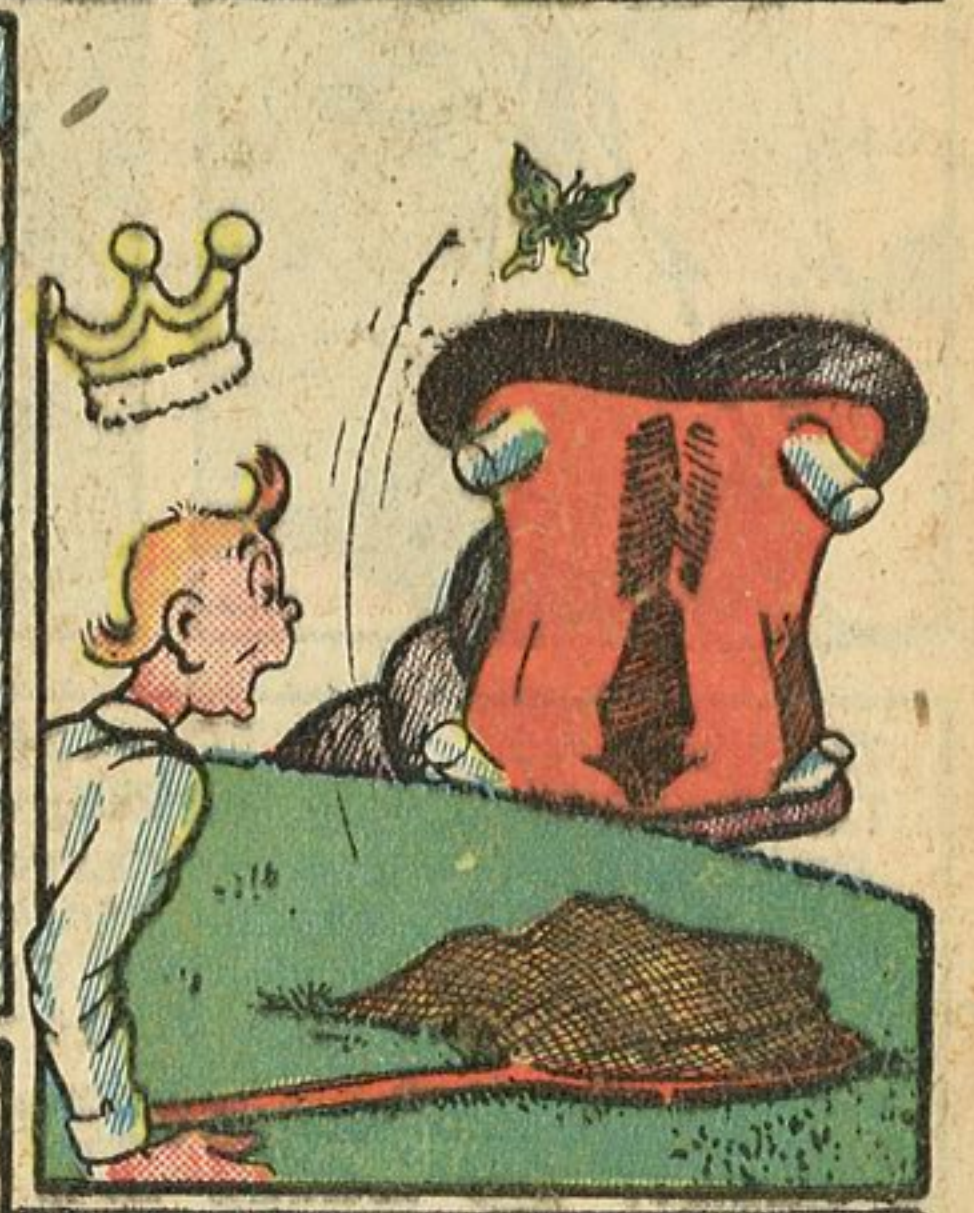
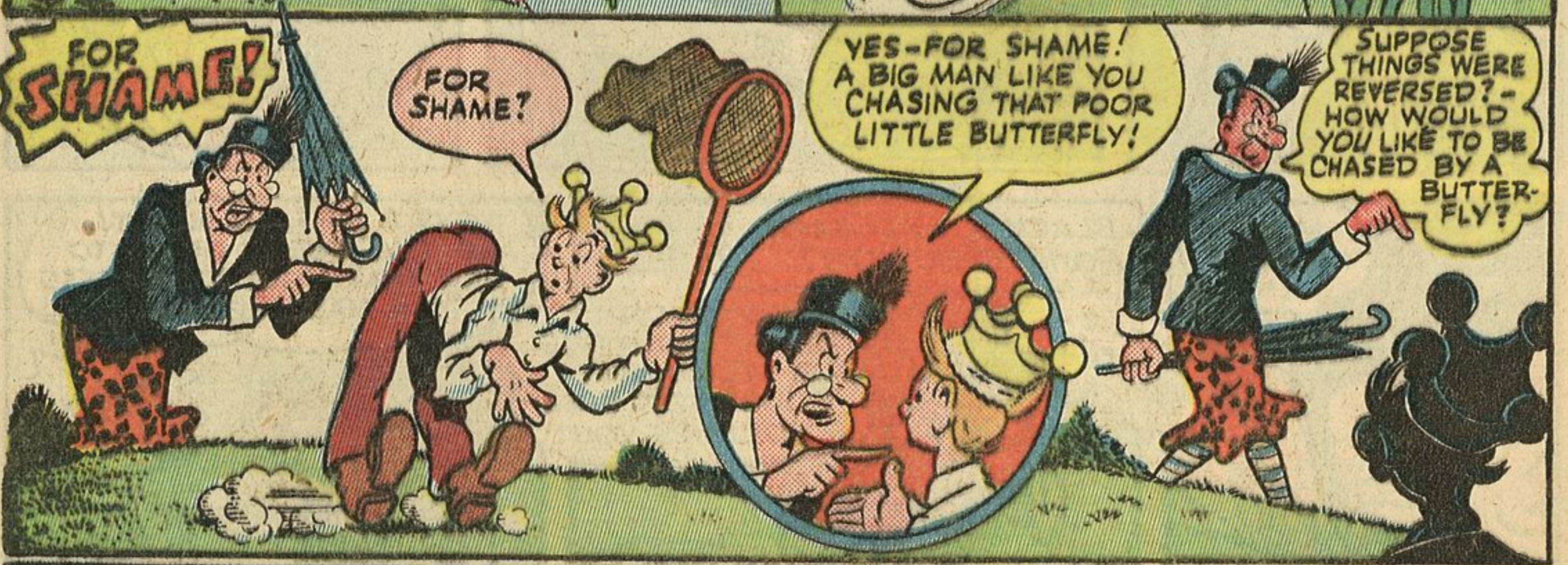
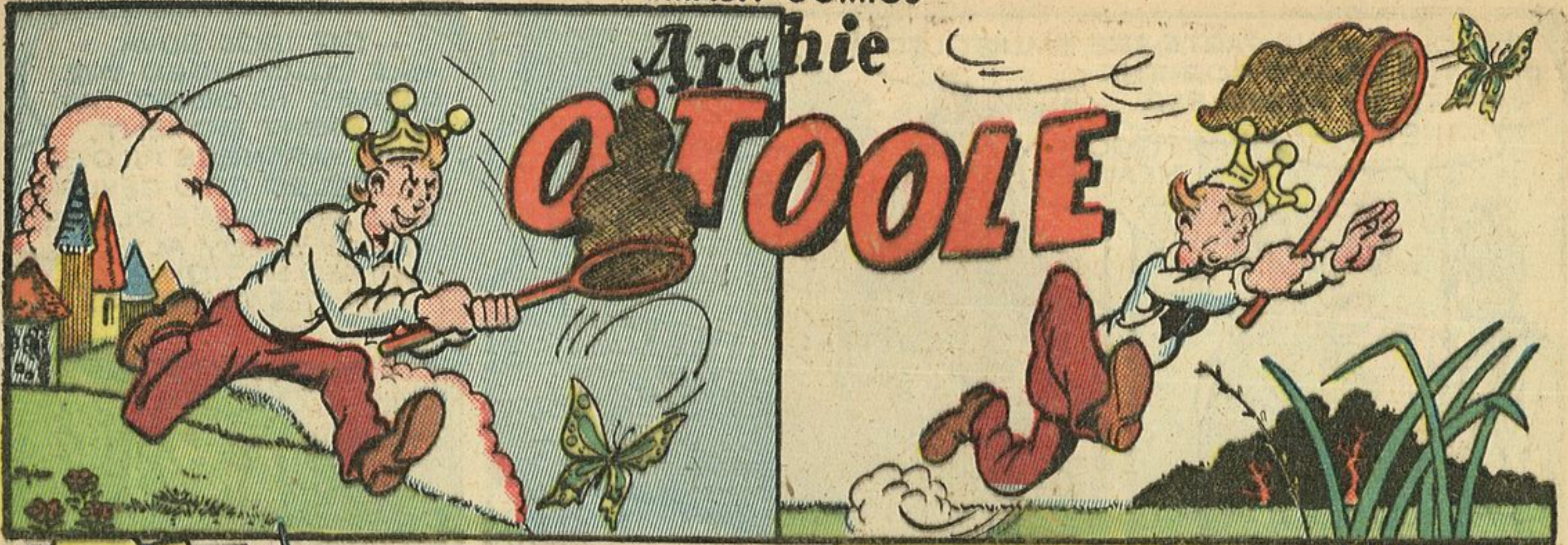
ONE MORE DEMONSTRATION OF
JAPANESE INGENUITY BEFORE YOU
DIE! -- IT IS WELL THAT OUR
ENEMIES SHOULD KNOW HOW
HOPELESS THEIR STRUGGLE
AGAINST US WILL BE!
COME, AND
SEE--

SHALL I ACT
NOW, MASTER?

NO--LET
HIM TELL US
EVERYTHING,
FIRST!



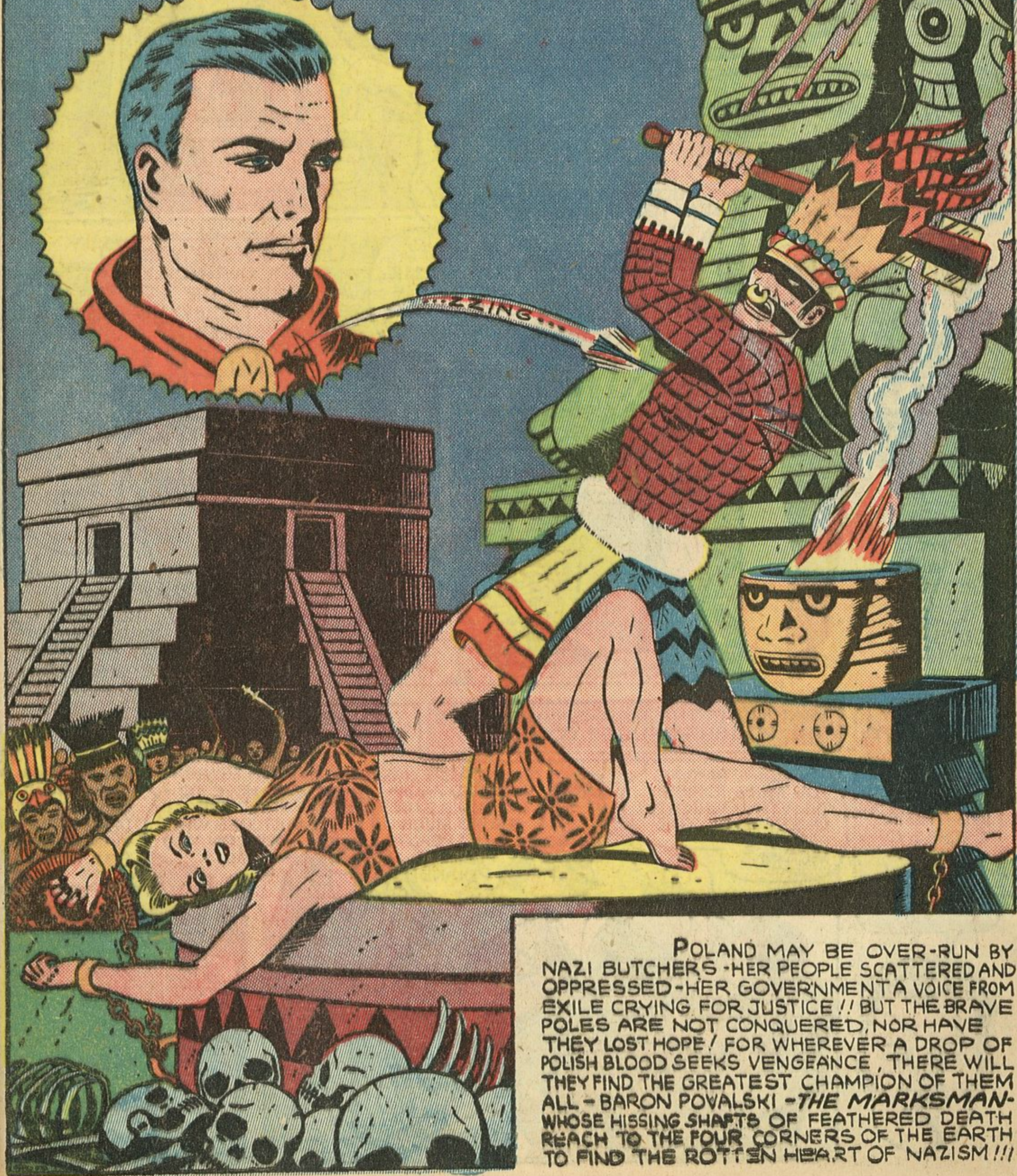
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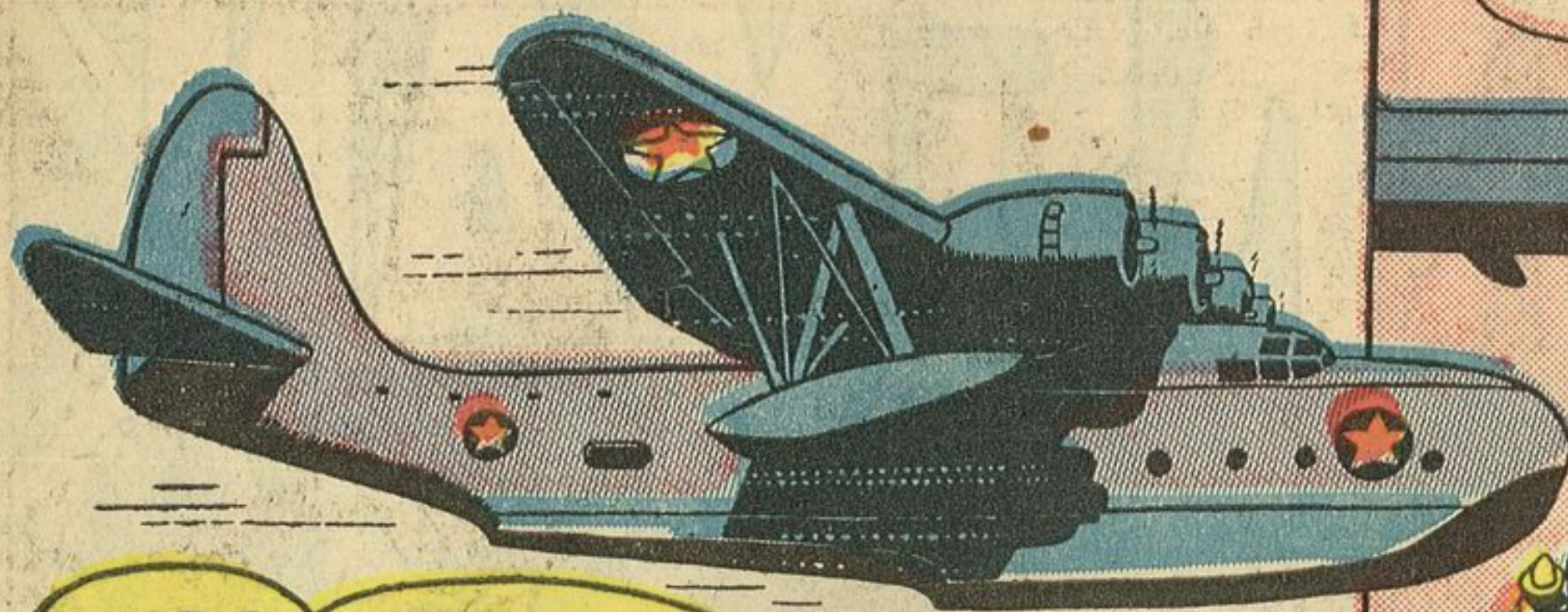
THE MARKSMAN

by FRED GUARDINER



POLAND MAY BE OVER-RUN BY NAZI BUTCHERS -HER PEOPLE SCATTERED AND OPPRESSED -HER GOVERNMENT A VOICE FROM EXILE CRYING FOR JUSTICE !! BUT THE BRAVE POLES ARE NOT CONQUERED, NOR HAVE THEY LOST HOPE! FOR WHEREVER A DROP OF POLISH BLOOD SEEKS VENGEANCE, THERE WILL THEY FIND THE GREATEST CHAMPION OF THEM ALL - BARON POVALSKI - **THE MARKSMAN** - WHOSE HISSING SHAFTS OF FEATHERED DEATH REACH TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH TO FIND THE ROTTEN HEART OF NAZISM !!!

SMASH COMICS
A FLYING BOAT FROM THE AZORES MAKES A SURPRISE
LANDING AT CAMPECHE, MEXICO...



I WAS THE ONE WHO SENT YOU THAT MESSAGE TO COME HERE FROM OUR HOMELAND!

YOU ?? I'M GLAD-BUT WORRIED! YOUR MESSAGE HINTED AT SOME TERRIBLE TROUBLE!

TRUE! YOU KNOW MANY OF OUR FELLOW POLES SETTLED IN FERTILE YUCATAN FOR THE DURATION! NOW TERROR HAS REACHED OUT TO THEM!

YOU DON'T MEAN NAZIS.. HERE IN THE LAND OF OUR ALLY, MEXICO?

I FEAR SO! ONE AFTER ANOTHER, OUR PEOPLE VANISH FROM THE SETTLEMENT! THEY ARE ALWAYS POLES WHO HID TREASURE BACK HOME!

I KNOW THE REST! I HEARD REPORTS THAT THE NAZIS WERE 'DISCOVERING' THE HIDING PLACES OF OUR EXILES' PROPERTY!

OBVIOUSLY THE GESTAPO IS HERE TORTURING THOSE EXILES INTO REVEALING THEIR CACHES OF WEALTH BACK IN POLAND! LET'S GO!

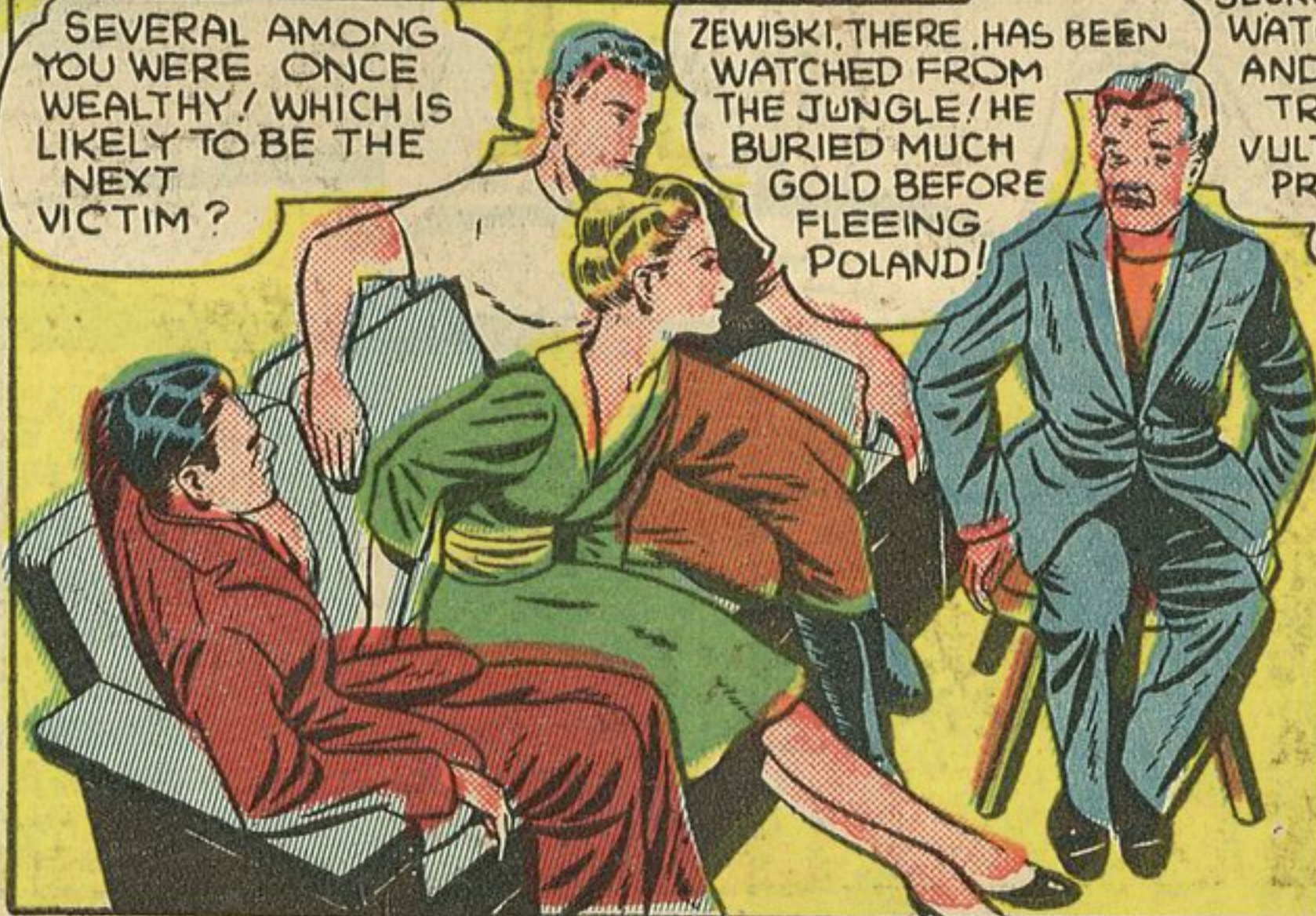
THAT NIGHT THE MARKSMAN MEETS THE POLISH REFUGEE COLONY //

SEVERAL AMONG YOU WERE ONCE WEALTHY! WHICH IS LIKELY TO BE THE NEXT VICTIM?

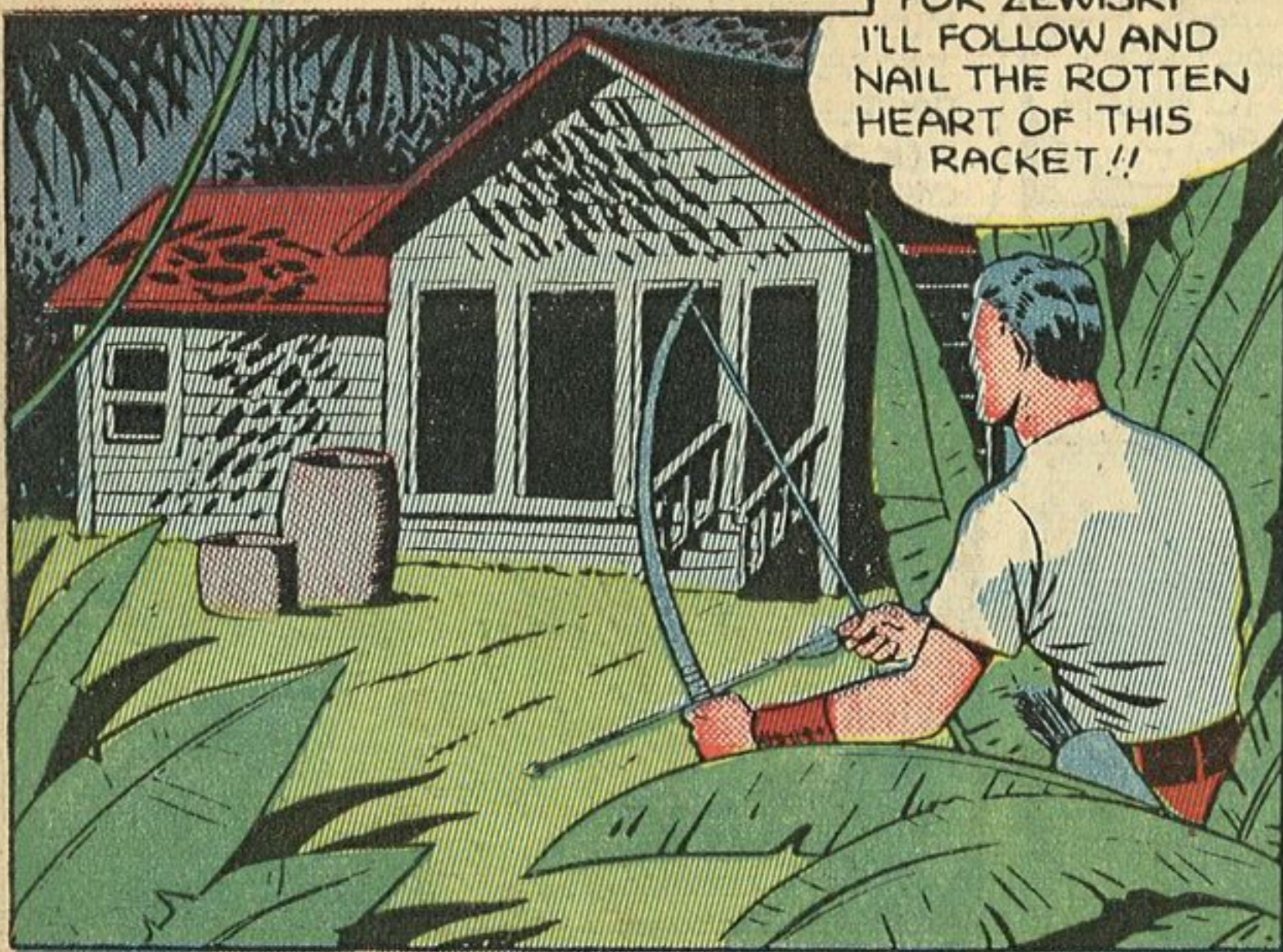
ZEWISKI, THERE HAS BEEN WATCHED FROM THE JUNGLE! HE BURIED MUCH GOLD BEFORE FLEEING POLAND!

THEN KEEP MY PRESENCE HERE A SECRET! I SHALL WATCH ZEWISKI AND HOPE TO TRAP THE VULTURES WHO PREY ON YOU ALL!

AH HA! BUT THERE ARE OTHERS, MY DEAR MARKSMAN, WHO CAN SET TRAPS!



SO, THROUGH THE JUNGLE NIGHT...



IF THEY COME FOR ZEWISKI I'LL FOLLOW AND NAIL THE ROTTEN HEART OF THIS RACKET!!

WHILE A FEW YARDS AWAY ANNA SMILES IN HER SLEEP!



SH-H-H! QUIETLY, YOU DOLTS!

...MARKSMAN...

WHA... MMMFF-BLB-GMMM!

GOOT!! NOW QUICKLY TO THE TEMPLE WITH HER!

A SHORT TIME LATER...



THEY COME! MY GUESS WAS RIGHT... BUT THEY WEAR THE COSTUMES OF THE ANCIENT MAYA WHOSE CIVILIZATION ONCE RULED YUCATAN...



I COULD KILL THEM ALL BUT IT WOULD BE BETTER TO FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR HIDDEN HEAD-QUARTERS.

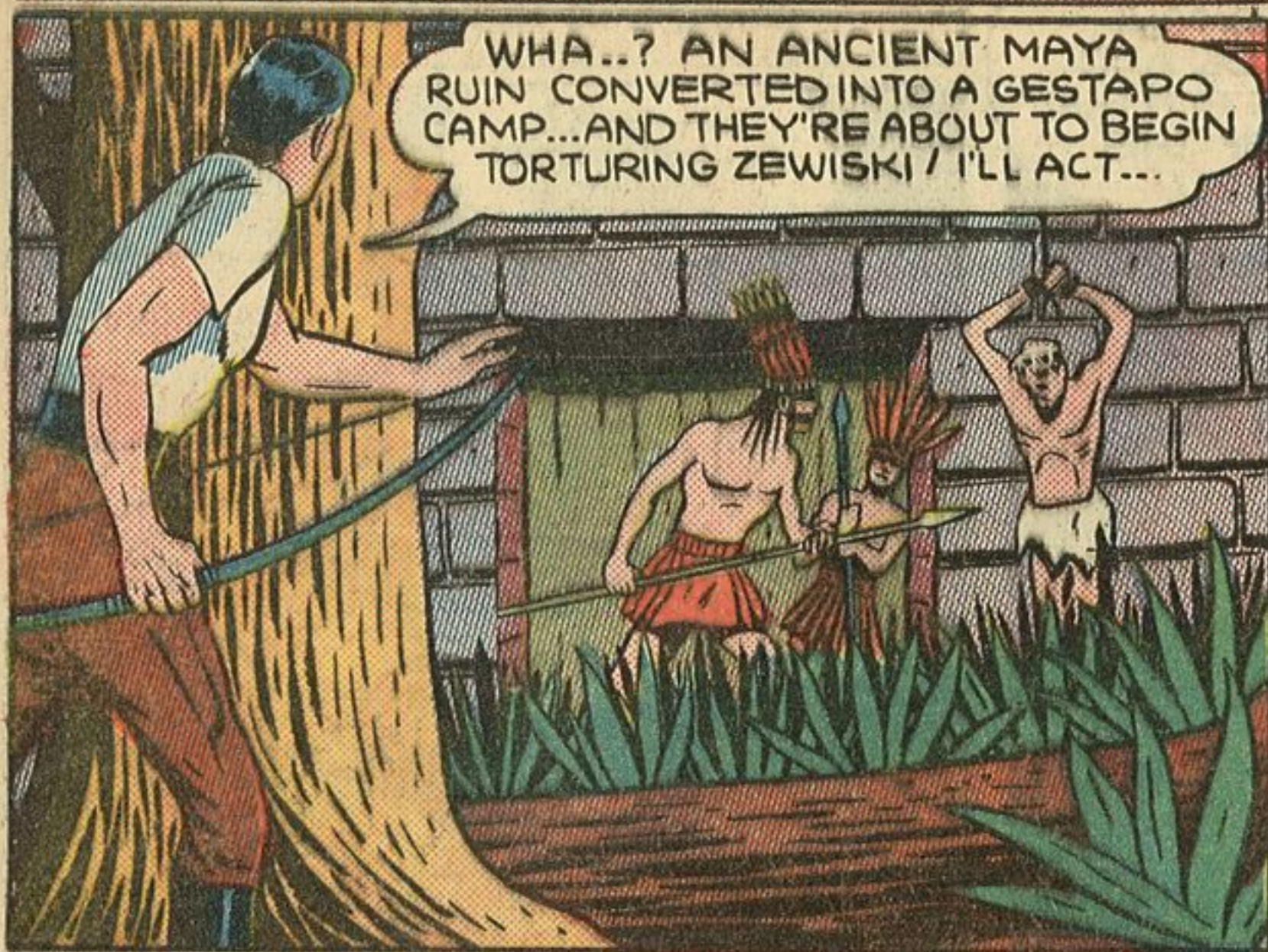
WE'RE ALMOST TO THE TEMPLE, KARL! I HOPE THIS WORKS! I DON'T LIKE THE FEELING OF THE MARKSMAN AT MY BACK!!

DON'T BE A FOOL, ADOLPH! HE FOLLOWS TO FIND OUR CAMP! BY THE TIME HE TRIES TO ATTACK IT WILL BE TOO LATE!

SOMEHOW THIS SEEMS TOO EASY! I SENSE A TRAP OF SOME KIND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT...



WHA...? AN ANCIENT MAYA RUIN CONVERTED INTO A GESTAPO CAMP...AND THEY'RE ABOUT TO BEGIN TORTURING ZEWISKI / I'LL ACT...

THE INDIANS SEEM GENUINE! THE NAZIS MUST BE MASKED BY THOSE OLD MAYA PRIEST COSTUMES / I'LL PICK ONE OFF -

MARKSMAN! OH, MARKSMAN!



WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING, MARKSMAN! BUT BEFORE YOU LOOSE YOUR ARROWS, SEE HOW BEAUTIFULLY YOU ARE TRAPPED!

PULL THE ROPE HANS!

THE FIENDS! THAT'S ANNA / I'LL KILL THAT FAKE PRIEST FIRST...

WAIT, MARKSMAN! BEFORE YOU SHOOT, LOOK BEHIND YOU!!

WHAT? INDIANS! THE JUNGLE MUST BE FULL OF THEM- THEY SLIPPED UP ON ME LIKE GHOSTS...



DESCENDANTS OF THE ANCIENT MAYA, MARKSMAN, WHOSE DIM BRAINS STILL HOLD MEMORIES OF THE ANCIENT SACRIFICES!

WE PROMISED THEM A SACRIFICE! IF YOU WANT TO SAVE THE GIRL, YOU MAY COME FORWARD AND TAKE HER PLACE / WE'LL FREE HER, THEN...

BUT IF YOU DARE INTERFERE WITH THE SACRIFICE, THEY'LL TEAR YOU TO BITS! CHOOSE QUICKLY, MARKSMAN- YOUR LIFE OR HERS! HA-HA!





THE MARKSMAN'S UNCANNY AIM PROVES ITSELF...



WAIT! YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED! SEE THE FACE BENEATH THE MASK OF YOUR PRIEST!!



HE TRICKED US!! THE INDIANS ARE WISE! KILL THEM ALL!



DOT SCHWEIN
MARKSMAN! I'LL
KILL DER GIRL!
MAYBE DOT VILL
SHTOP DER
NATIVES...

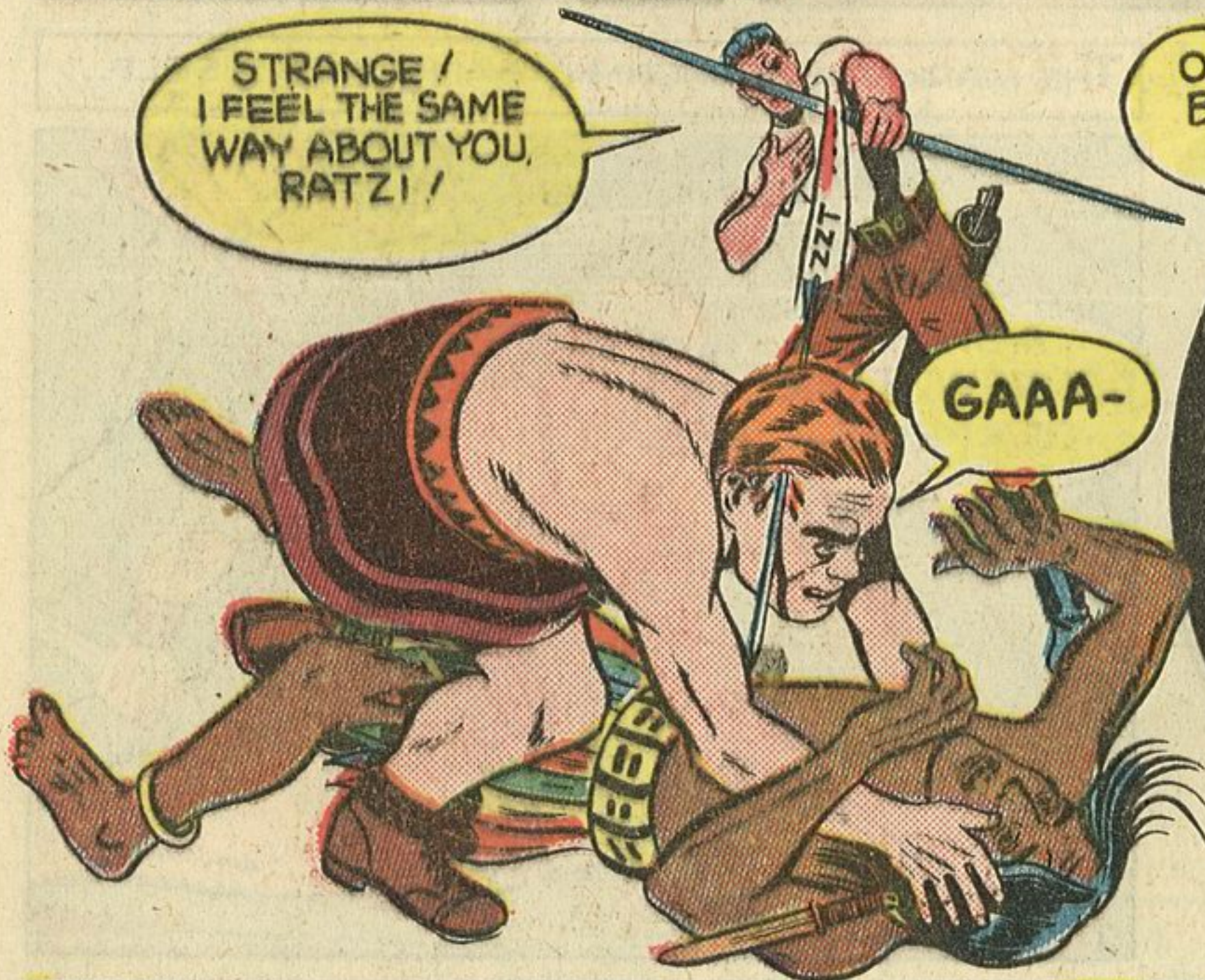


ARGH-
H-H-H!

ZZZZING...



THEIR
CHIEF'S DOWN!
WITH HIM DEAD,
THEY'LL
SCATTER!



STRANGE!
I FEEL THE SAME
WAY ABOUT YOU,
RATZI!

GAAA-

ONE SIDE
BUTCHER
BOYS!



I'VE GOT TO GET ANNA
LOOSE BEFORE A STRAY
SHOT OR ARROW
STRIKES
HER!



MARKSMAN!
I KNEW YOU'D
SAVE ME!

WE AREN'T SAFE YET! THE
INDIANS ARE AROUSED AGAINST
ALL WHITES! THEY MAY KILL
US AND THE NAZIS!



STAY THERE WHILE I CUT ZEWISKI
LOOSE! IN A PINCH I'LL HOLD THE
INDIANS OFF WHILE YOU TWO
HEAD FOR THE
SETTLEMENT!

PLEASE
BE
CAREFUL!



OH - OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! ANY WHITE SKIN MARKS AN ENEMY TO THEM, NOW!

YOUR ARROWS - QUICK! YOU CAN GIVE US A FIGHTING CHANCE...

NO! THE MARKSMAN'S SHAFTS ARE ONLY FOR OPPRESSORS! I CAN'T TURN THEM AGAINST FELLOW VICTIMS OF NAZI TREACHERY!



SUDDENLY, THE CHIEF WHO THE MARKSMAN SAVED, RUNS FORWARD...

WHAT?? OH, THE INDIAN THAT NAZI WAS ABOUT TO KILL WHEN I SPLIT HIS ROTTEN SKULL!

FRIEND! FRIEND!



HURRY, MARKSMAN! LET'S GET AWAY BEFORE THE INDIANS CHANGE THEIR MINDS!

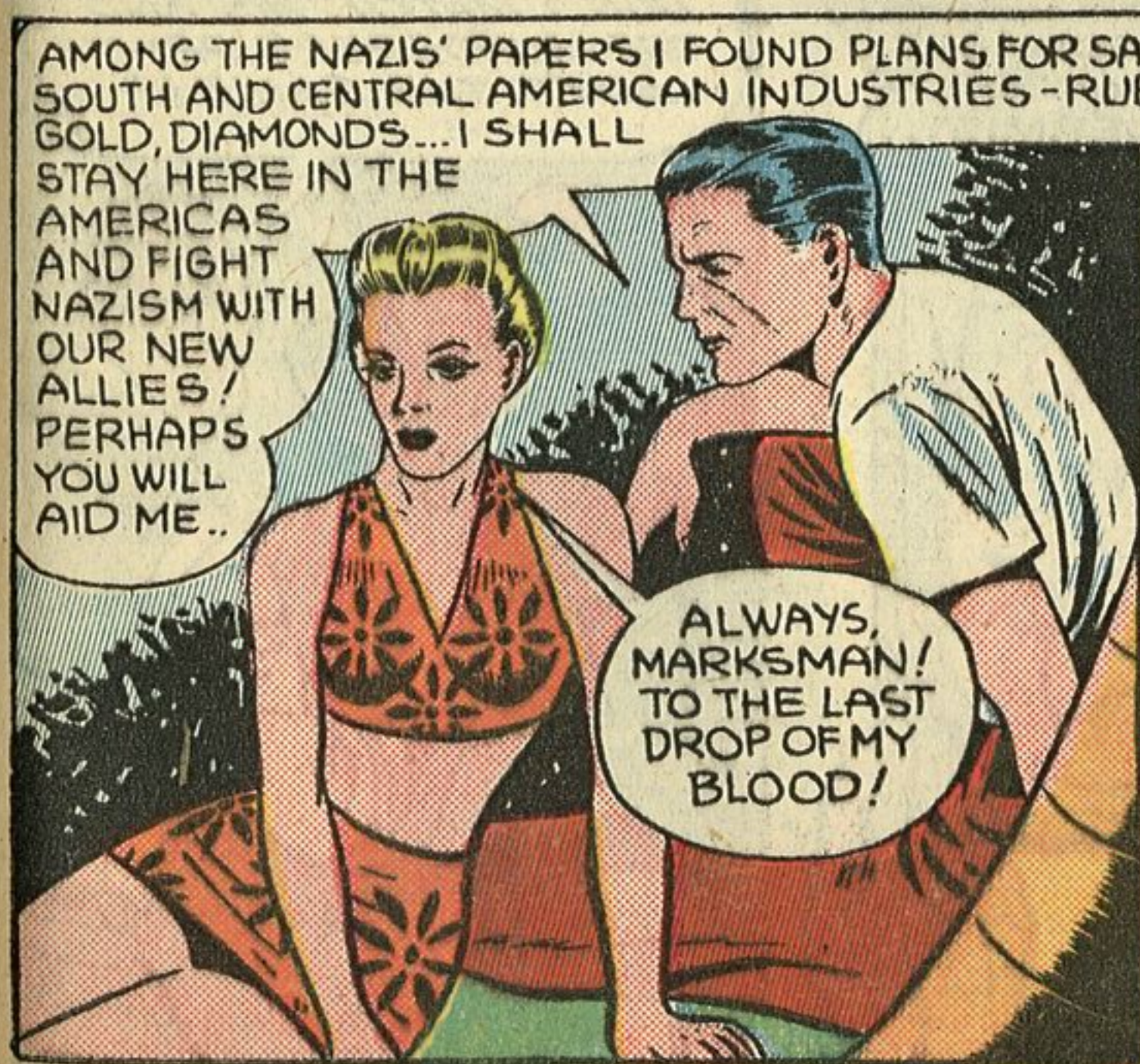
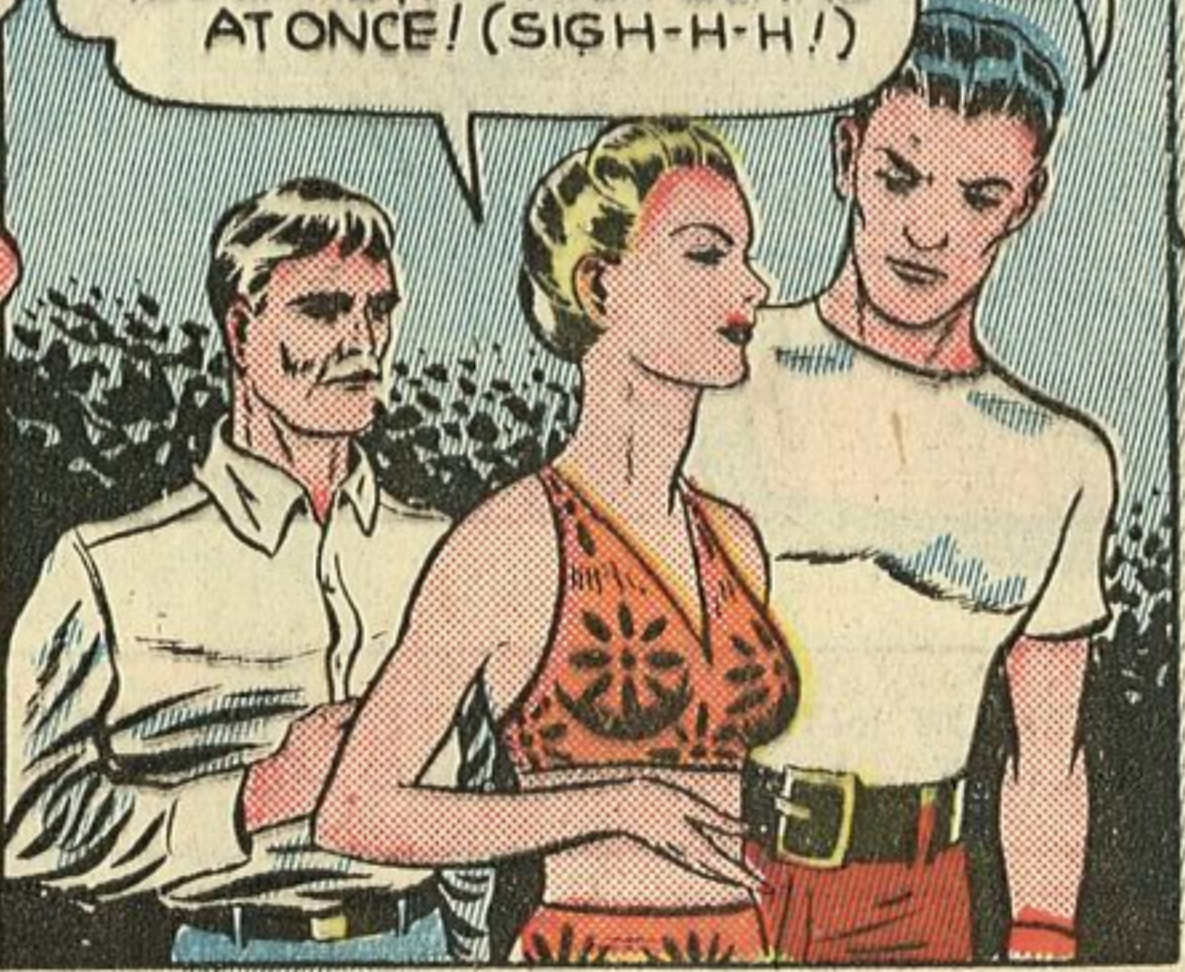
THEY WON'T, ANNA! THEY'RE A GENTLE PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE UNLESS AROUSED BY DECEIT!

AND AS THE MORNING SUN RISES...

A NEW DAY DAWNS, MARKSMAN, AND YOUR WORK IS DONE FOR US! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL RETURN TO POLAND AT ONCE! (SIGH-H-H!)

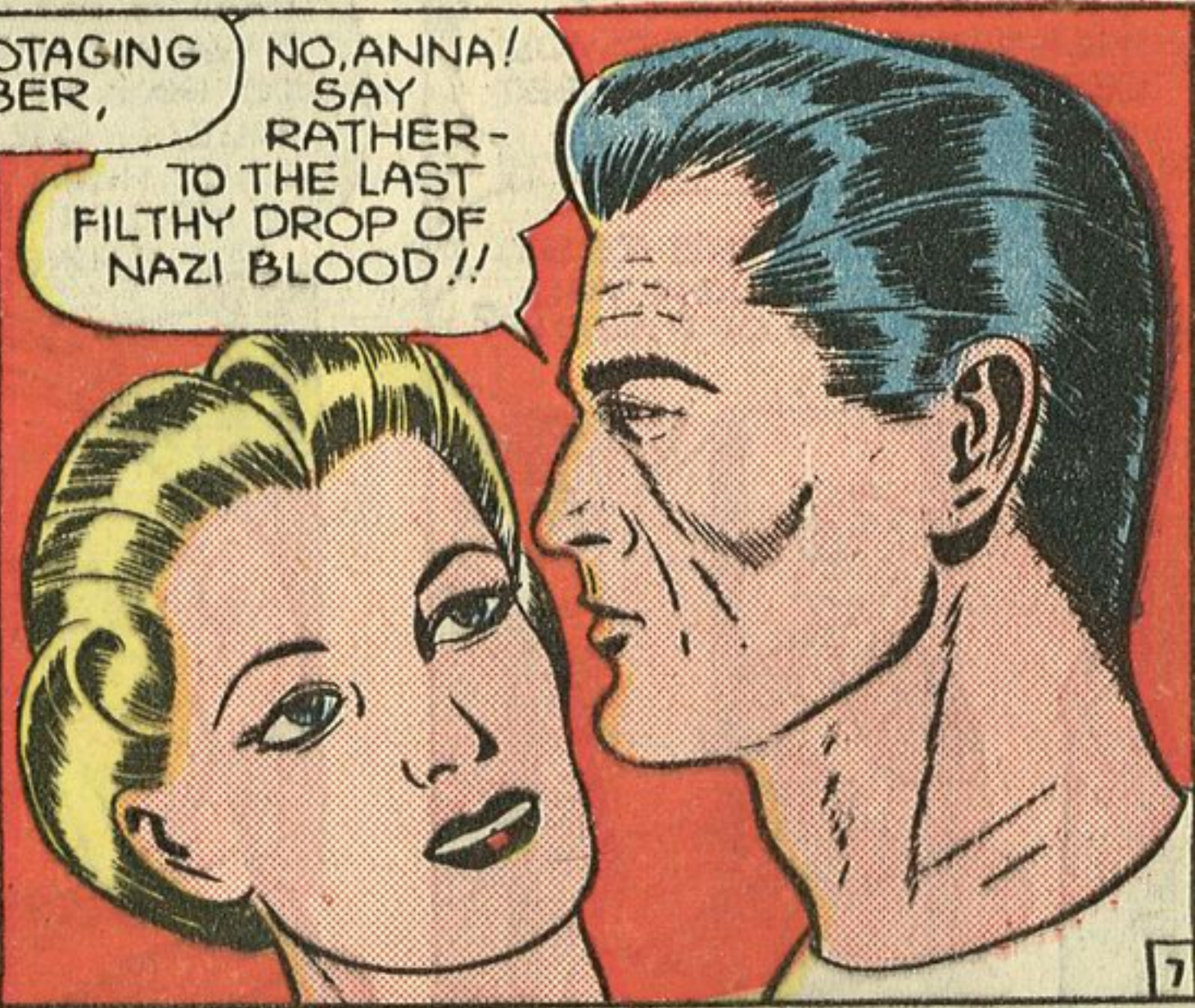
NO, ANNA...

THE UNDERGROUND IN POLAND CAN CARRY ON AND SOON OUR LAND WILL BE FREE AGAIN! I HAVE FOUND A NEW TASK FOR THE MARKSMAN!



AMONG THE NAZIS' PAPERS I FOUND PLANS FOR SABOTAGING SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICAN INDUSTRIES - RUBBER, GOLD, DIAMONDS... I SHALL STAY HERE IN THE AMERICAS AND FIGHT NAZISM WITH OUR NEW ALLIES! PERHAPS YOU WILL AID ME..

ALWAYS, MARKSMAN! TO THE LAST DROP OF MY BLOOD!



NO, ANNA! SAY RATHER - TO THE LAST FILTHY DROP OF NAZI BLOOD!!

THE MARKSMAN FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS - READ IT!

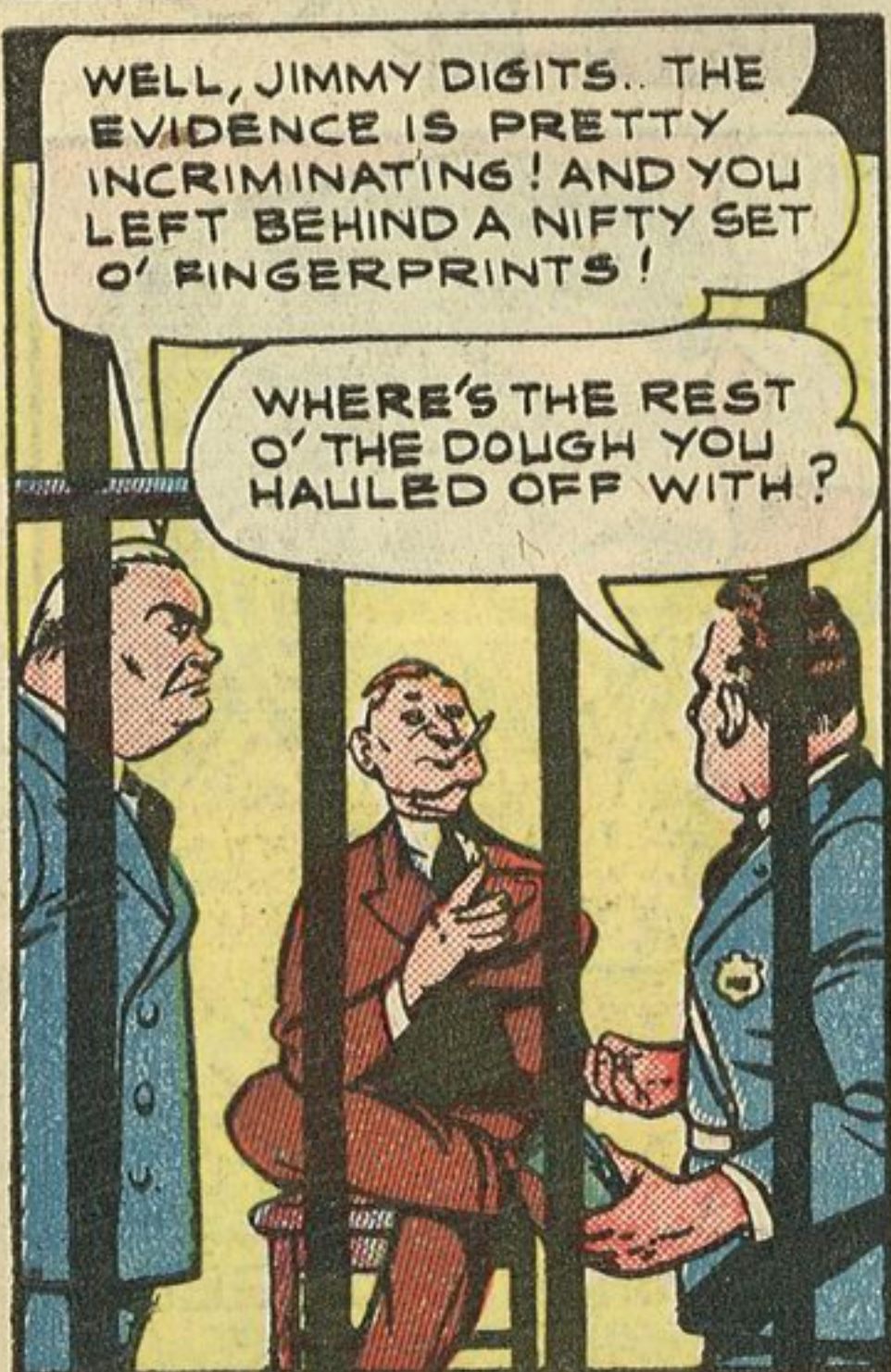
SMASH COMICS

LADY LUCK

By
Klaus
Nordling

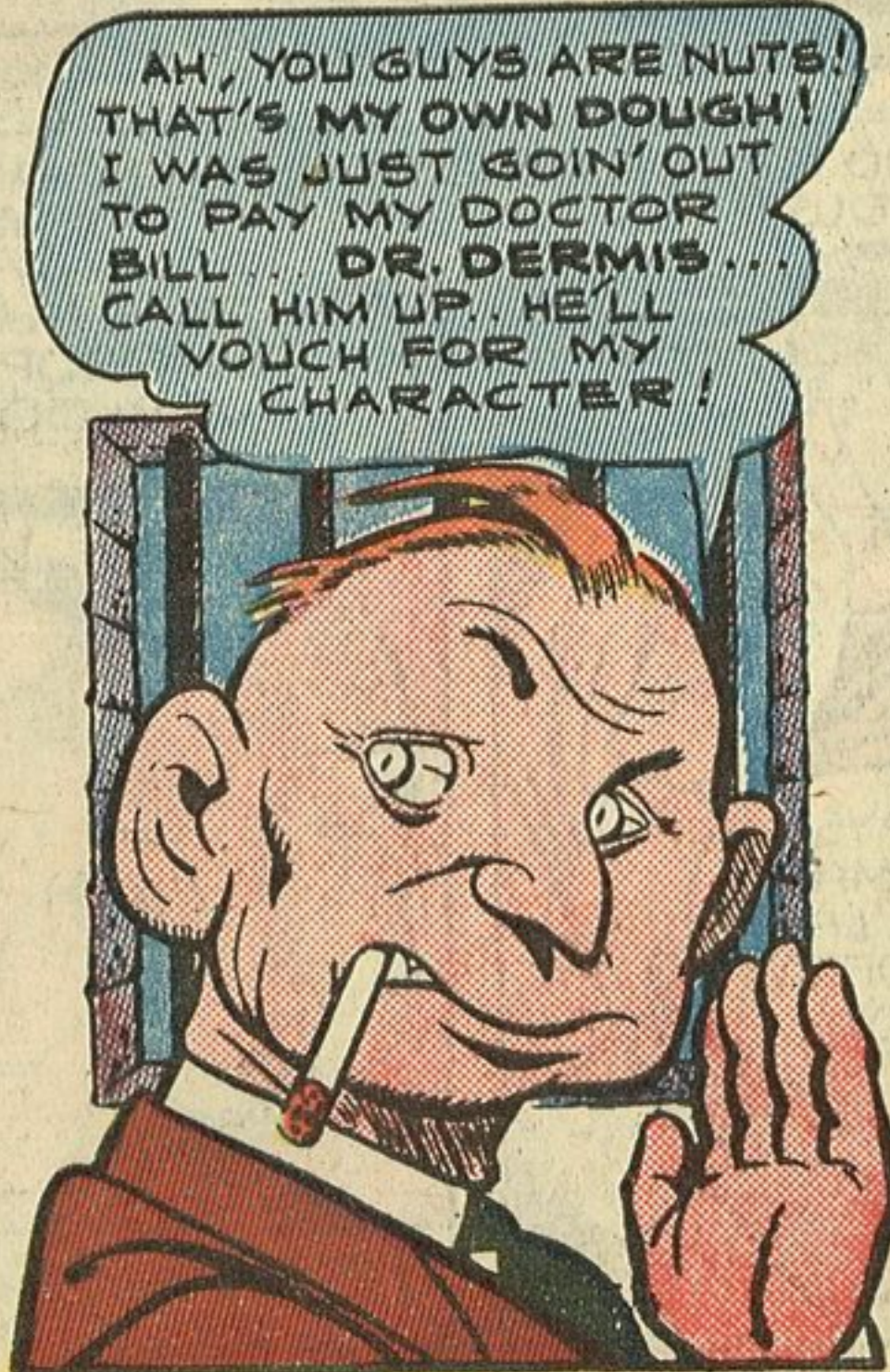


AFTER A MONTH OF INTENSIVE DETECTIVE WORK BY LADY LUCK, SERGEANT SLOBURN AND THE POLICE, A SUSPECTED MURDERER IS APPREHENDED



WELL, JIMMY DIGITS. THE EVIDENCE IS PRETTY INCRIMINATING! AND YOU LEFT BEHIND A NIFTY SET O' FINGERPRINTS!

WHERE'S THE REST O' THE DOUGH YOU HAILED OFF WITH?



AH, YOU GUYS ARE NUTS! THAT'S MY OWN DOUGH! I WAS JUST GOIN' OUT TO PAY MY DOCTOR BILL... DR. DERMIS... CALL HIM UP. HE'LL VOUCH FOR MY CHARACTER!



HEY, SARGE, THESE PRINTS DON'T MATCH! HIS AND THE MURDERER'S PRINTS AIN'T THE SAME!!

SMASH COMICS



GET OUTA HERE! AN' DON'T SHOW YOUR FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN... UNLESS WE GOT SOMETHIN' ON YA!



WHAT'S THIS, DIGITS.. ARE YOU FREE?

AH, I BEEN TELLIN' THEM CHUMPS THEY WASN'T MY FINGERPRINTS.. AN' DR. DERMIS'LL VOUCH FER MY CHARACTER...



FOITHERMORE, LADY LUCK.. YOU BEEN BARKIN' UP THE WRONG ALLEY. I'M A SICK MAN.. UNDER DOCTOR'S CARE! SO, HEREAFTER, KEEP OUTA MY HAIR!



HE'S JUST A LITTLE TOO COCKY! HMM... DR. DERMIS?... WHY, HE'S A **PLASTIC SURGEON!**



C'MON, PEECOLO.. I THINK I KNOW WHAT KIND OF MEDICAL CARE HE'S BEEN UNDER..



THERE HE GOES.. IN TO SEE HIS PRECIOUS DOCTOR! STAY OUT HERE, PEECOLO.. I'M GOING IN, TOO!



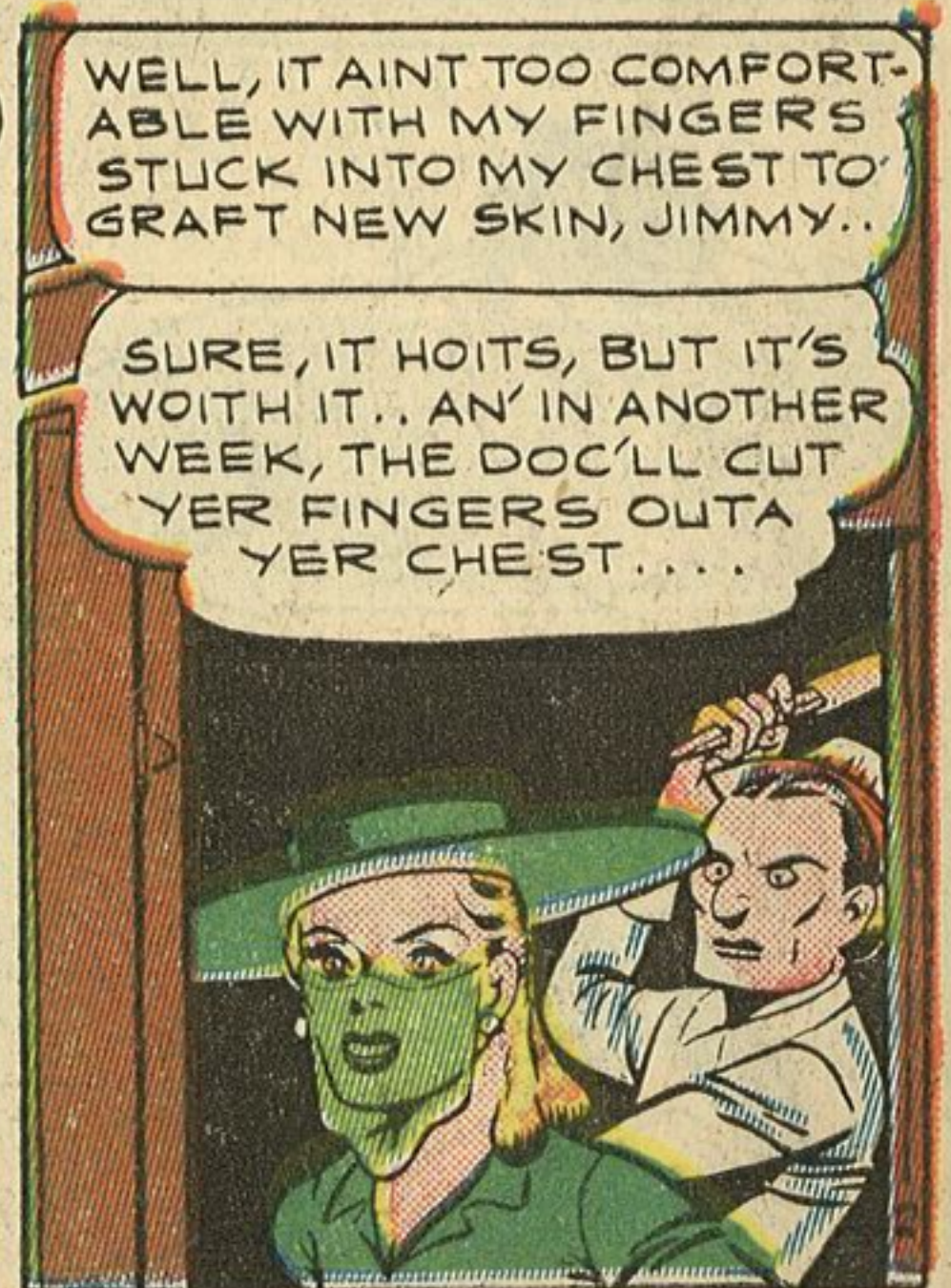
LOOK.. I SAID THE DOCTOR'S AWAY!! NOW, GO!!



HOW ABOUT TAKING A WALK AROUND THE BLOCK!



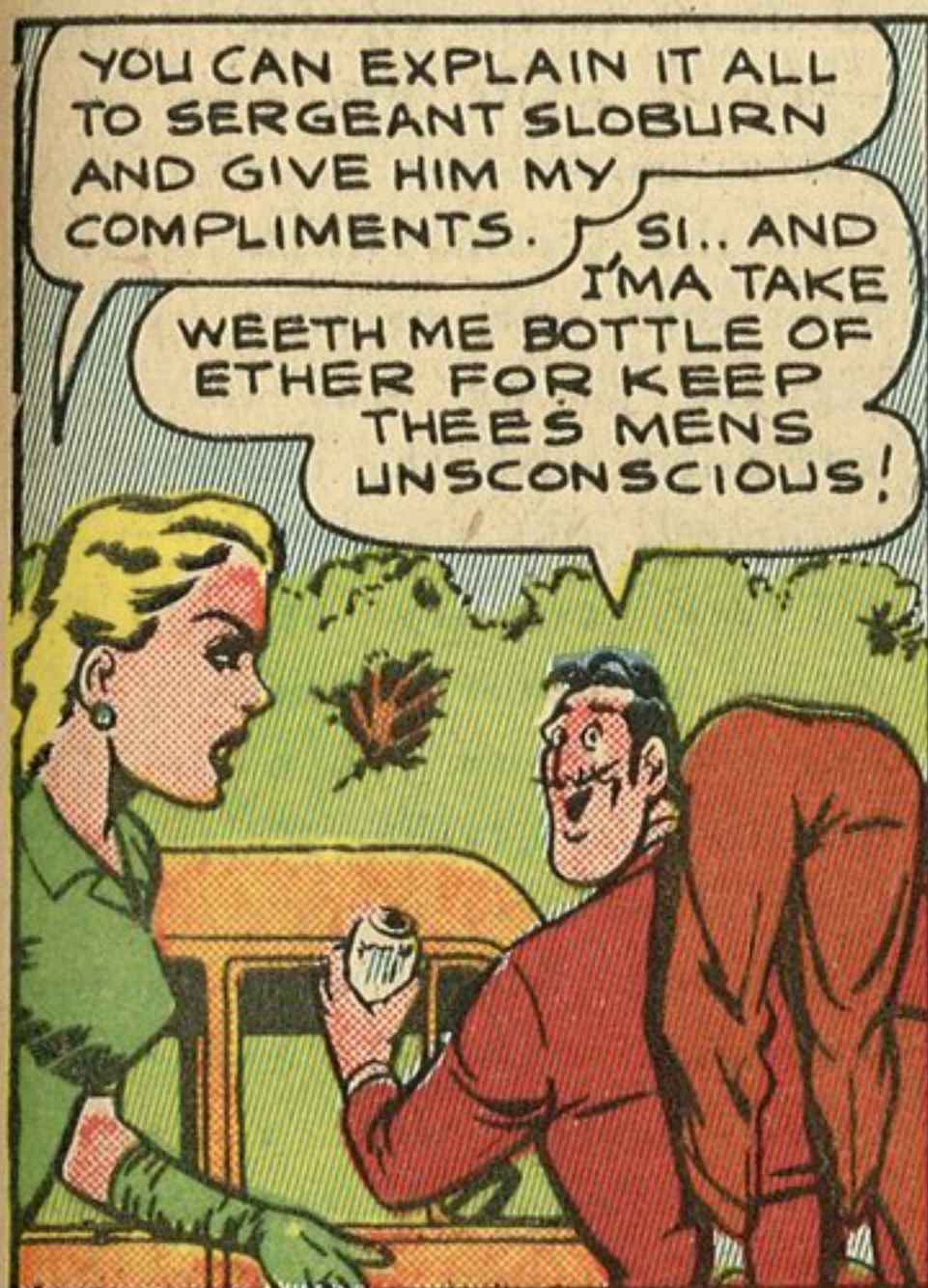
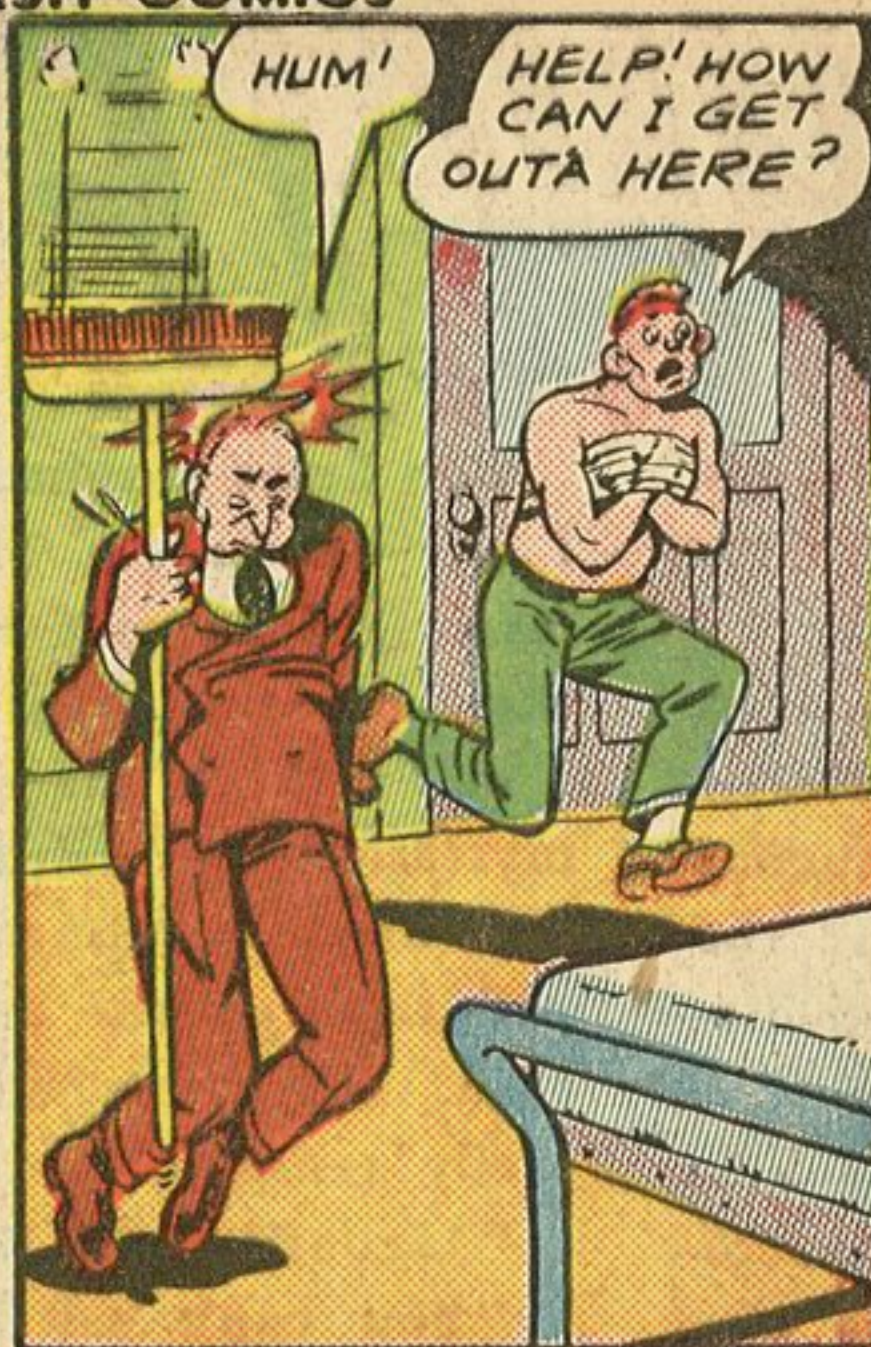
HA, HA... DON'T WORRY, BUFFALO.. IF THE DOC DOES AS GOOD A JOB ON YOUR FINGERS AS HE DID ON MINE, THE COPS'LL NEVER PIN NOTHIN' ON YA!



WELL, IT AINT TOO COMFORTABLE WITH MY FINGERS STUCK INTO MY CHEST TO GRAFT NEW SKIN, JIMMY..

SURE, IT HOITS, BUT IT'S WOITH IT.. AN' IN ANOTHER WEEK, THE DOC'LL CUT YER FINGERS OUTA YER CHEST....





The JUNGLE HANGMEN

THE night shrouded jungle was filled with sound. Myriad sound. The soft pad of beasts seeking drinking places, there to lurk in the darkness for their kills; the raucous croaks of jungle macaws; the scream of parrakeets being disturbed by moss monkeys.

But there were sinister sounds, too. The mysterious sounds of the jungle night that no one can identify. Sounds that make cold shivers run up and down one's spine, and cause one to cast apprehensive glances into the darkness that marches up and halts just outside the campfire.

Sometimes one sees a pair of blazing eyes glowing in the outer darkness, or hears the coughing grunts of a jaguar or ocelot. Sometimes one looks aloft and sees, wound about a big limb, a monstrous boa or anaconda. And sometimes—often—the mosquitoes are so bad that even the netting will not keep them out.

This was such a night, this steaming night in the Matto Grasso jungle when Jimmy Christian and his small party sat huddled around the campfire. Jimmy had spent many a night in the jungles all over the globe. But tonight he seemed to sense, more than before, the sinister quality in the sounds and silence.

"Funny," he said to Dekker, "about jungle noises. Hard to figure them out."

"I never try," the anthropologist replied. "They always baffle me. Frighten me somewhat, too."

Bob Sears laughed. "Frankly, I like the jungle. Maybe that's because I haven't had the experience you chaps have. But I don't think there's anything mysterious or weird about it."

A blood-curdling scream ripped through the darkness just then, and everybody involuntarily tensed.

"Jaguar," said Jimmy.

"You can't say *that* didn't sound a bit weird, can you, Bob?" said Dekker chidingly. "Those darn cats scare the devil out of me."

"W-what was it?" exclaimed the startled Bob.

"Jaguar," repeated Jimmy. "It's the South American version of the tiger or leopard. Bad babies, too."

The scream came again, ending in a series of grunts. The sound was nearer at hand. Bob sprang up, grasping his rifle. In rapid succession he pumped an entire magazine of slugs into the bush. A moment later, from farther away this time, the jaguar screamed again, as if in derision of man's puny attempt to slay him.

"Those cats throw their voices," said Jimmy grinning. "You may hear *there*, when in reality they are *there*."

Maybe Bob got it and maybe he didn't. He was silent. Soon afterward everyone was asleep.

The next morning, Shangri-la, Jimmy's man Friday, came running from the stream near camp. He dropped the three big canteens he had filled with water, and his eyes rolled

"Man he killed down there!"

he panted, pointing a trembling finger.

Jimmy was frying bacon. "What man, Shangri-la? Where?"

"By stream, senor. White man," replied the native, reversing the answers.

Jimmy looked around. All five of his companions were there. He turned the frying over to his servant and hastened down to the stream. A man—hardly white, but more of a putty color—lay several feet from the stream. His throat had been torn out, perhaps by the jaguar. Jimmy was instantly intrigued with the dead man's trappings and weapons.

"12th century stuff," he mused to himself, kneeling beside the corpse. Then he saw his mistake. Leather straps over each shoulder, supporting a wide belt which was heavily encrusted with gold and gems. Lying nearby were a leather quiver filled with long arrows and a short bow of unique design. There was a flint knife at his side, and a leather pouch. Opening this, Jimmy was amazed to find a handful of strange gold coins. He was unable to read the cuneiform-like inscription on them. He headed back to camp.

"Hey, you fellows," he said, "something has fallen into our lap." He hastily explained his find.

They all went down to the stream. Dekker crouched beside the dead man. After a while he shook his head.

"I can't believe it, but there it is. That man's an Egyptian!"

SMASH COMICS

"Egyptian!" exclaimed Jimmy. "You're kidding. Look at those coins."

Dekker looked, and a startled cry burst from him. "They are Phoenician coins, very early. Maybe—maybe the guy's Phoenician! I think I can tell after taking skull measurements."

Grant Munroe got his camera going, shooting the dead man from various angles. Dekker nodded his approval. "It'll help to identify him," he said. "Where do you suppose he came from?"

"Quien sabe?" said Jimmy. "But I'm going to find out!"

After removing the dead man's trappings, they buried him. Jimmy's appetite for adventure was whetted. This looked like something big. A dead Egyptian in the Brazil jungle! Or was he Phoenician? Or some race about which science knew nothing?

It was incredible that he should be either of the races suggested by Dekker. But then—

The whole party headed into the jungle after the crude funeral, following a trail uncovered by Shangri-la. It was hard going, and they had to hack most of their way. The first day they made less than six miles.

Just where they were going they had no idea. They hoped the trail they were following would lead them to the home of the dead man.

Five days later they came to the brink of a great valley. Haze blocked their view. After lunch, they began a descent to the valley. It took them two days. Down below the haze they could look to the far horizons, and still the valley spread out.

"You guess this is it?" asked Jimmy.

"I think so," said Dekker, "and I have a sneaking idea we're going to see something amazing."

Dekker's prophesy was correct!

An hour before sunset they came to a thick forest of weird trees. Twisted and gnarled they were, with long tentacles that seemed to vibrate and writhe as they watched, yet there was no wind.

They exclaimed in wonder as they approached nearer the trees.

"Wait!" shouted Jimmy. "Don't go near those trees!" He had been behind. Now he ran to the front of the group.

"I'm not sure, but I think I saw some trees like these in Java. They call them 'cannibal trees' there. Look—don't you see those tentacles moving slowly? Merely touch one of them, and dozens of tentacles whip about you, crushing the life out of you instantly."

Here was a poser indeed.

It was Shangri-la who proved that Jimmy had been correct. He began shouting from a point fifty yards from them. When they came up, he was pointing and blubbering in Spanish.

"Look, senores!" he cried. "Dead men. Many dead men."

It was true. In an area about a hundred feet wide, probably twenty skeletons hung in every attitude of grotesque death, entangled in the weird tentacles of the trees!

It was a most gruesome sight.

"Look," Jimmy said. "There are men in there wearing armour. Say, some of those men must have been here centuries!"

It was getting too dark for

further exploration, so they made camp.

Morning revealed a gory spectacle. There were indeed several men in ancient armour in the trees—skeletons now.

"They are Spaniards," said Dekker. "And there is one of the Phoenicians, by his trappings! That belt is covered with gems. Look at them flash!"

There were men of other nations also and other, remote, ages. What a story each of them might tell!

"I think, gentlemen," said Jimmy, "that our lost race of Phoenicians, or whatever they are, live beyond that protecting wall of devilish trees. No doubt it encircles the entire valley, keeping them in, and intruders out. What to do now."

Dekker threw a bit of log into the trees. Instantly it was encircled by twisting, lashing tentacles.

"Heavens," he gasped. "Most remarkable."

"We'll circle the trees," Jimmy said. "Maybe we can find a hole through them."

But they spent two weeks going around the trees, until they reached their starting place. They saw scores of trapped men, and many animals in the trees.

Jimmy said, "We cannot go through the trees without blasting our way. Obviously, the trees have been planted by man as protection countless centuries ago. But by whom?"

"Any way," he continued, "one thing sure, we can't get in there without explosives. Those trees may be miles through. And it's too dangerous to get near them. We'll have to return to Rio and come back with tools. I think the secret that devilish hedge holds will adequately repay us."

SMASH COMICS

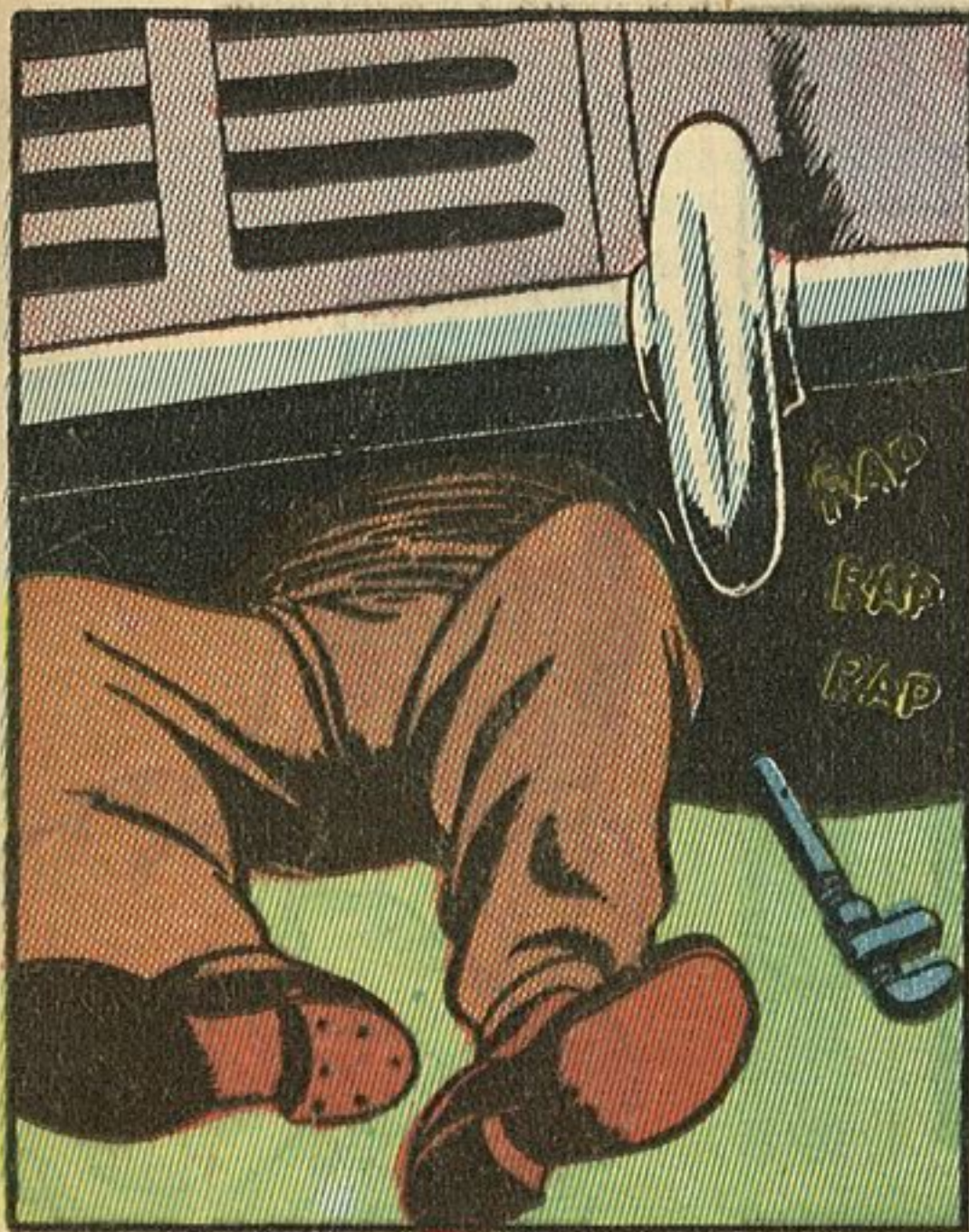


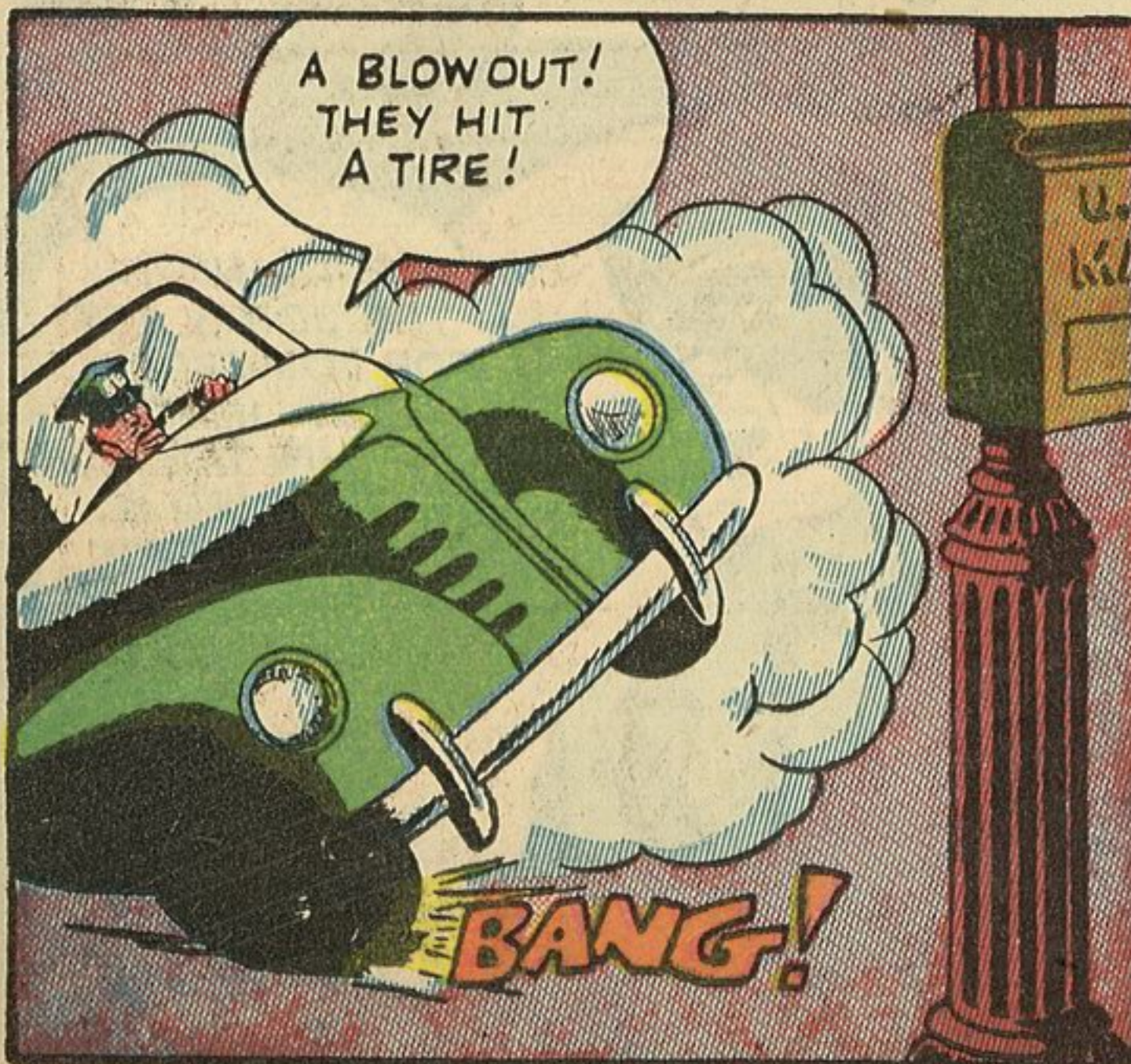
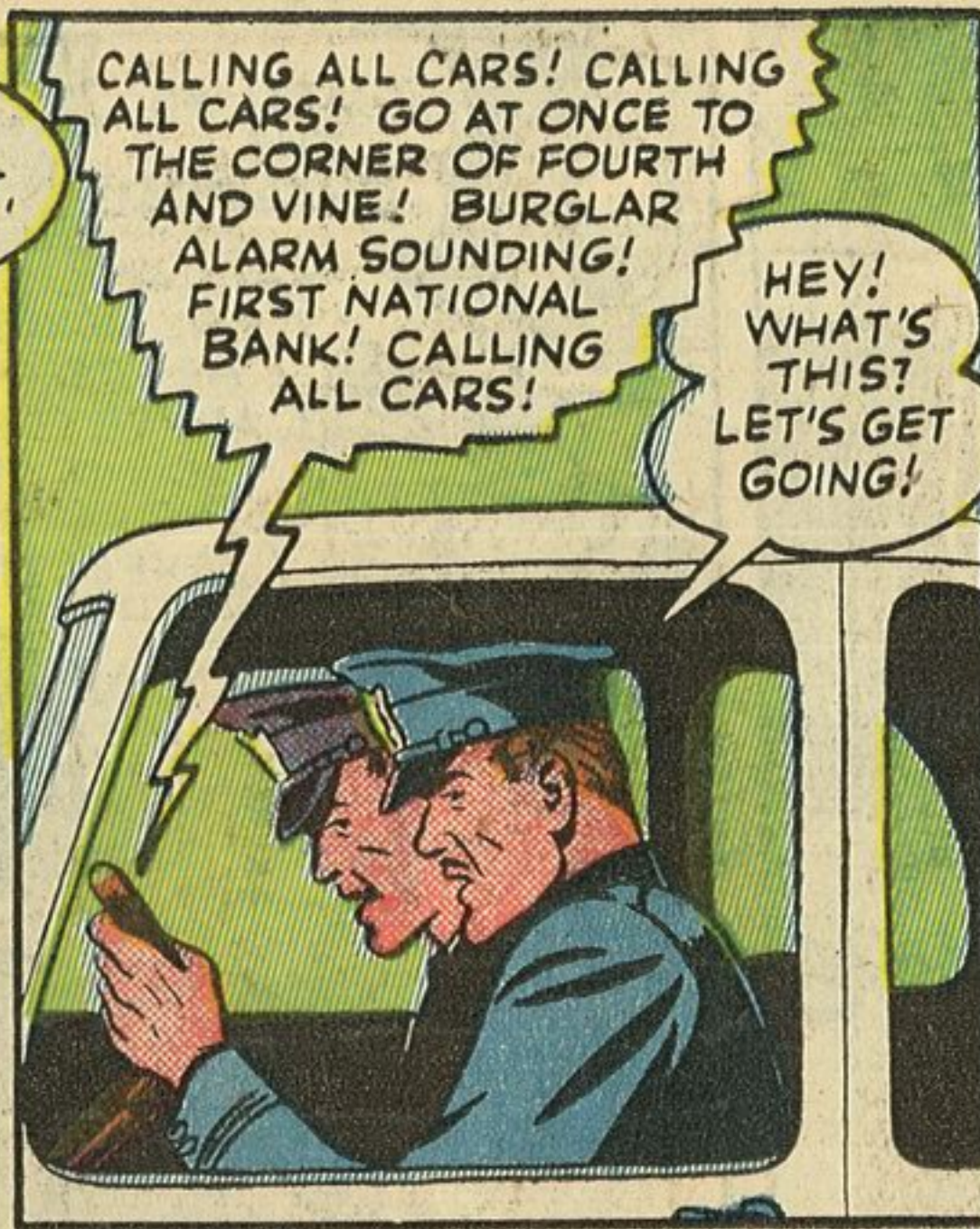
Rookie RANKIN



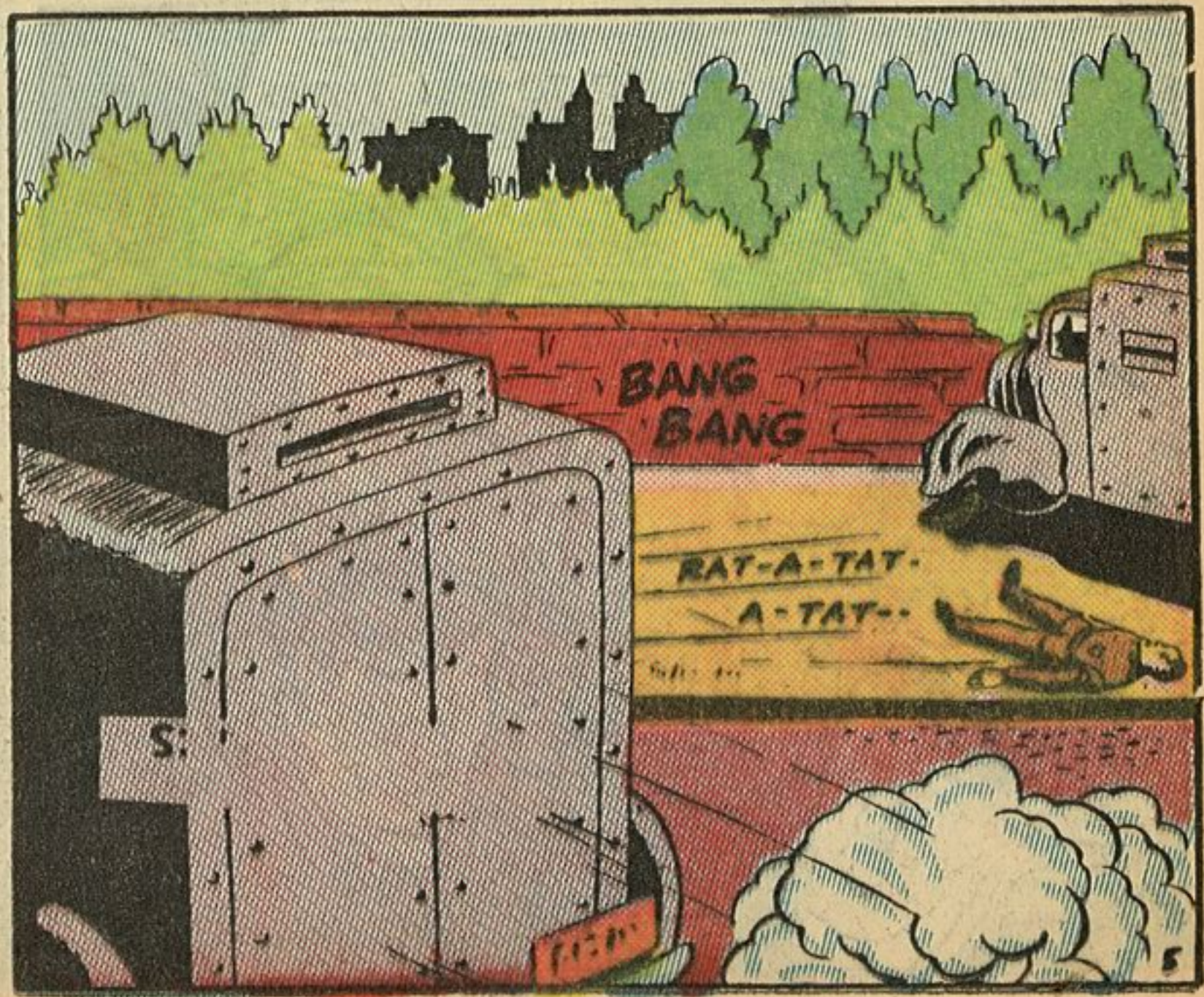
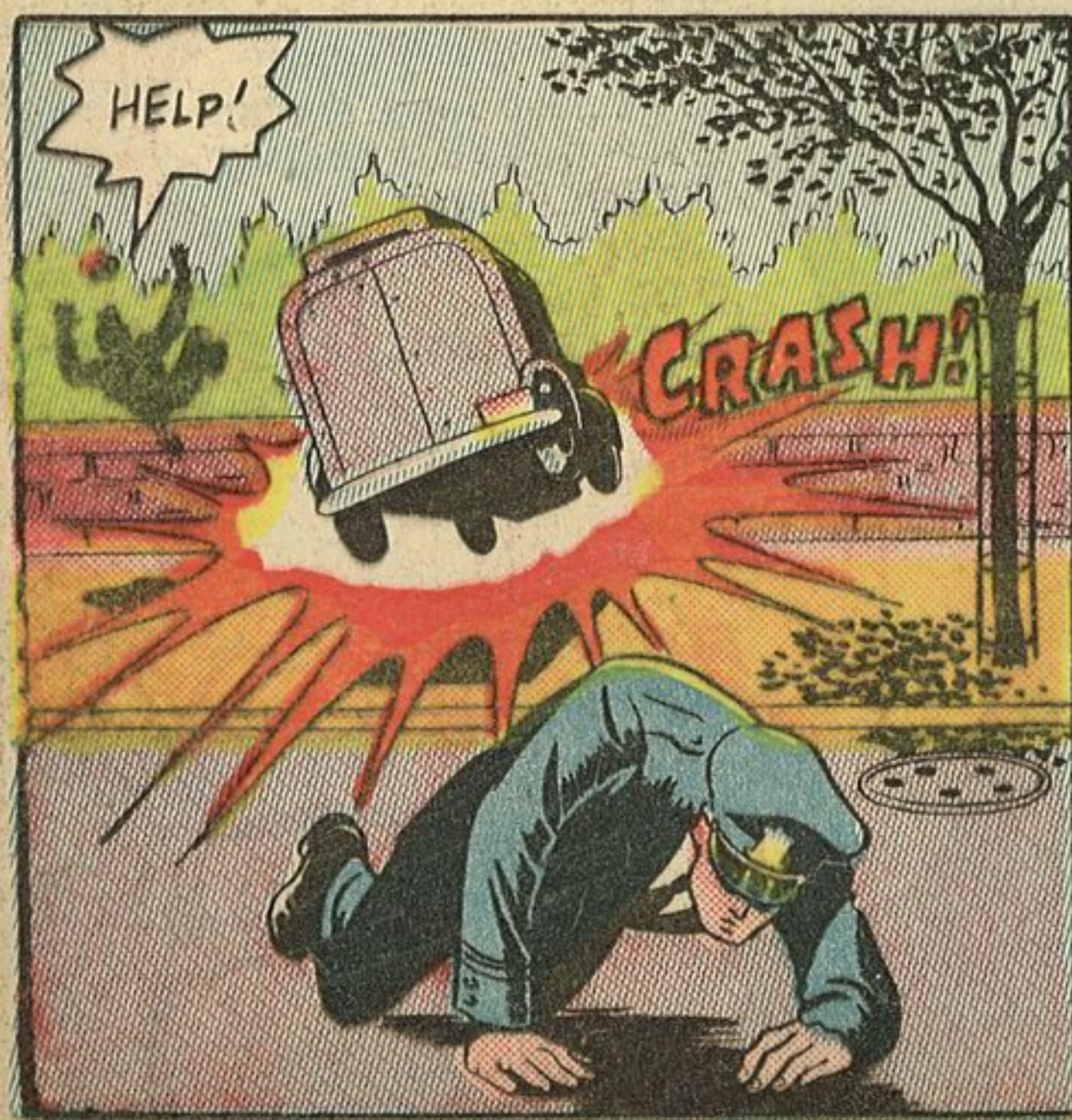
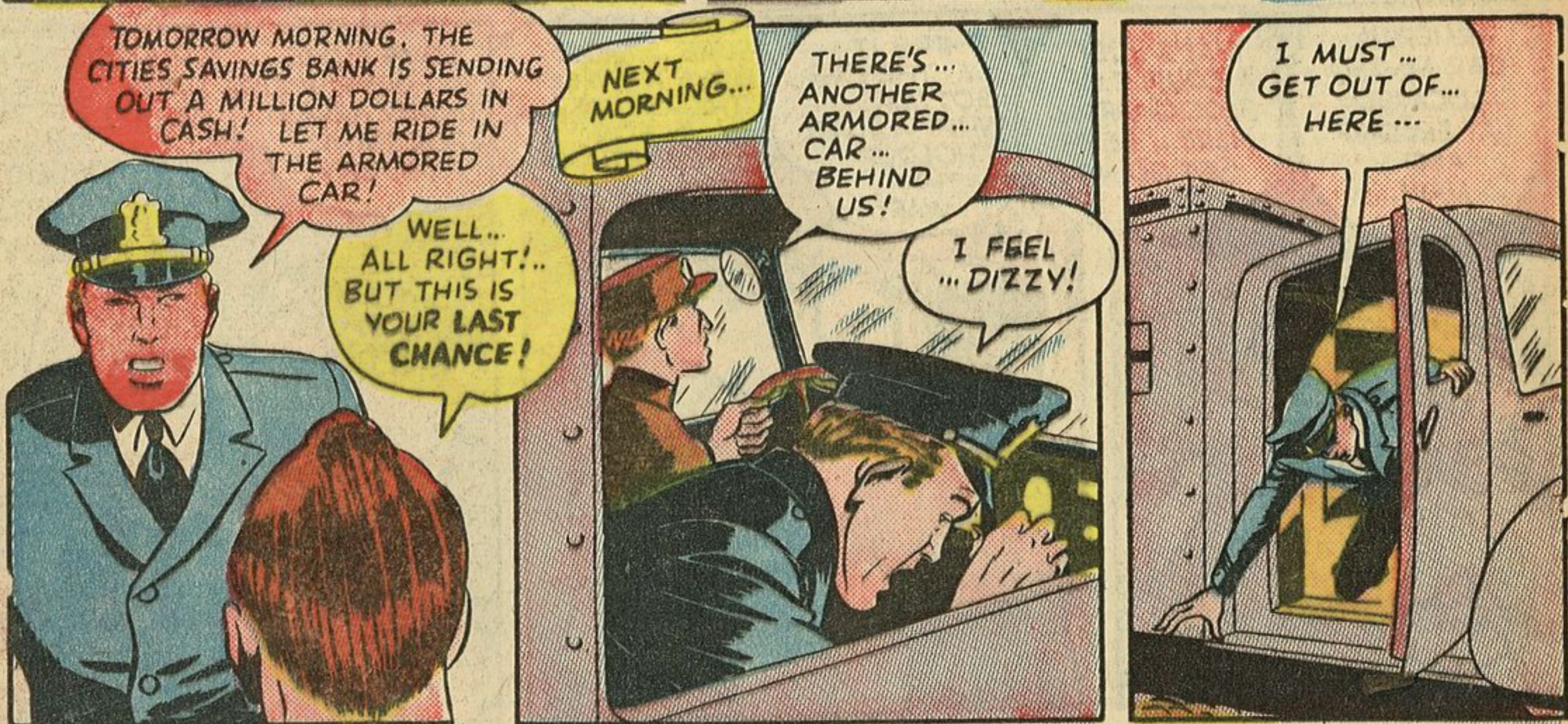
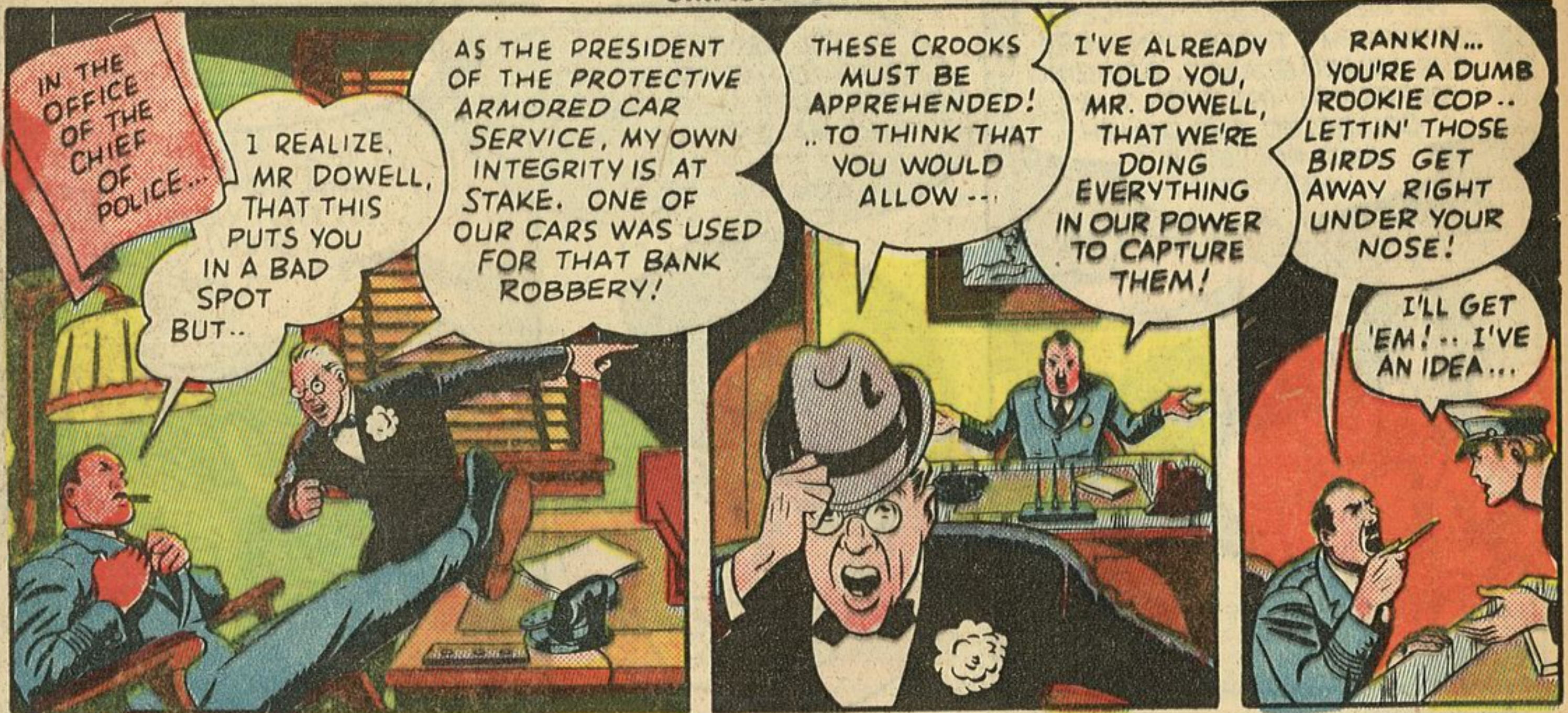
WHEN AN ARMORED CAR BEGAN COLLECTING FROM BANKS INSTEAD OF DEPOSITING, IT SEEMED THERE SHOULD BE A SIMPLE SOLUTION TO THE CRIME! BUT STRANGE COMPLICATIONS AND A MASKED "PHANTOM" MYSTIFIED THE POLICE FORCE ... UNTIL ROOKIE RANKIN UNCOVERED ONE OF THE MOST UNSCRUPULOUS GANGS IN CRIMINAL HISTORY!...

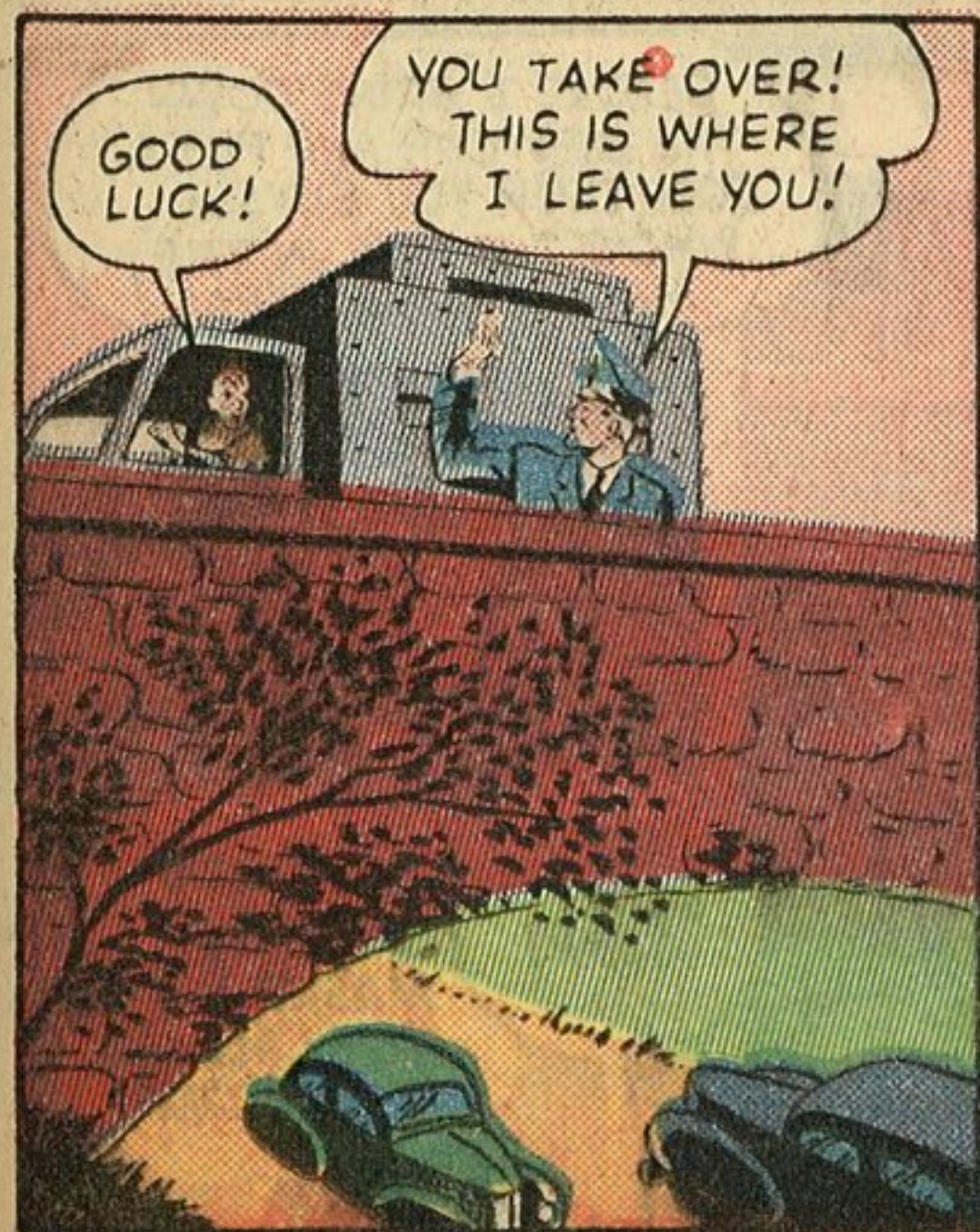
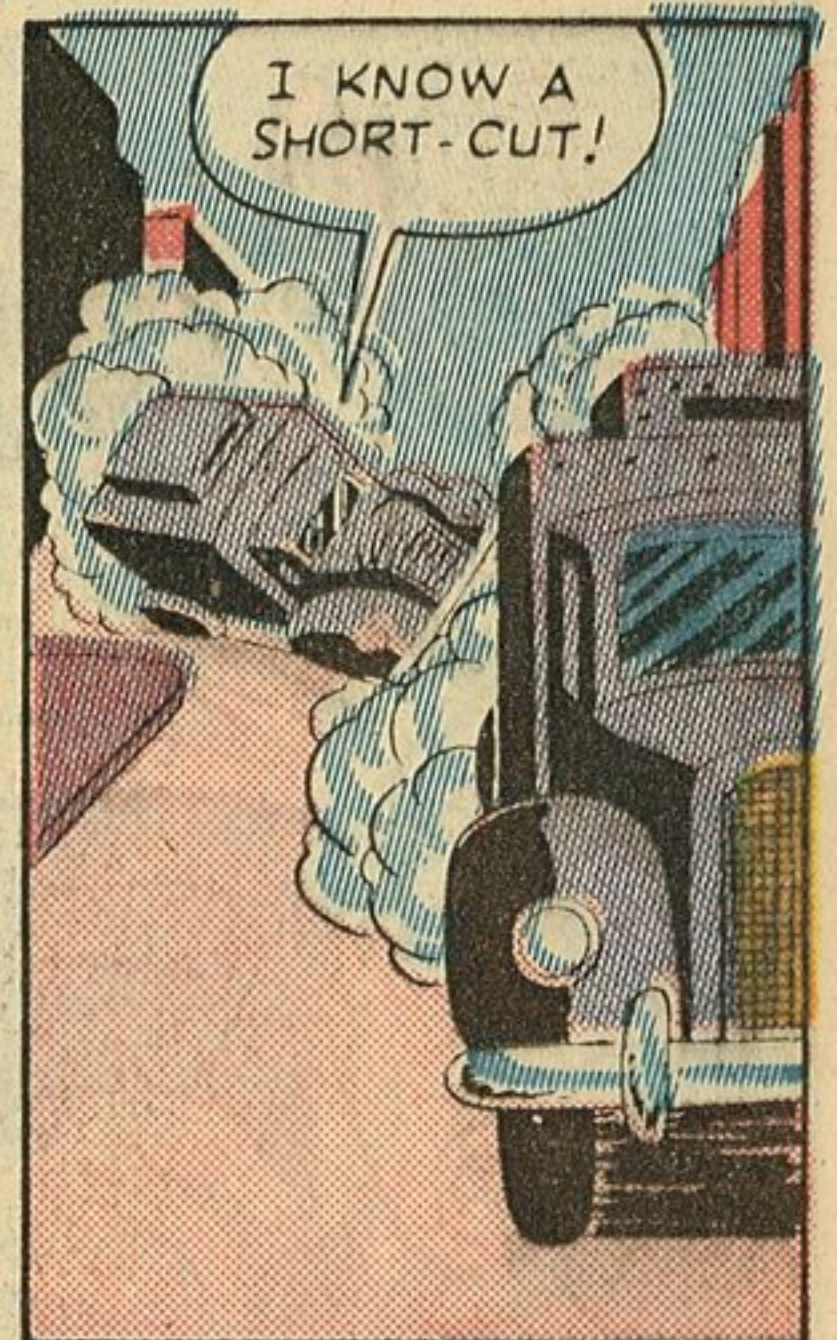
READ THIS STORY OF
ROOKIE RANKIN AND THE
PHANTOM ARMORED CAR!...

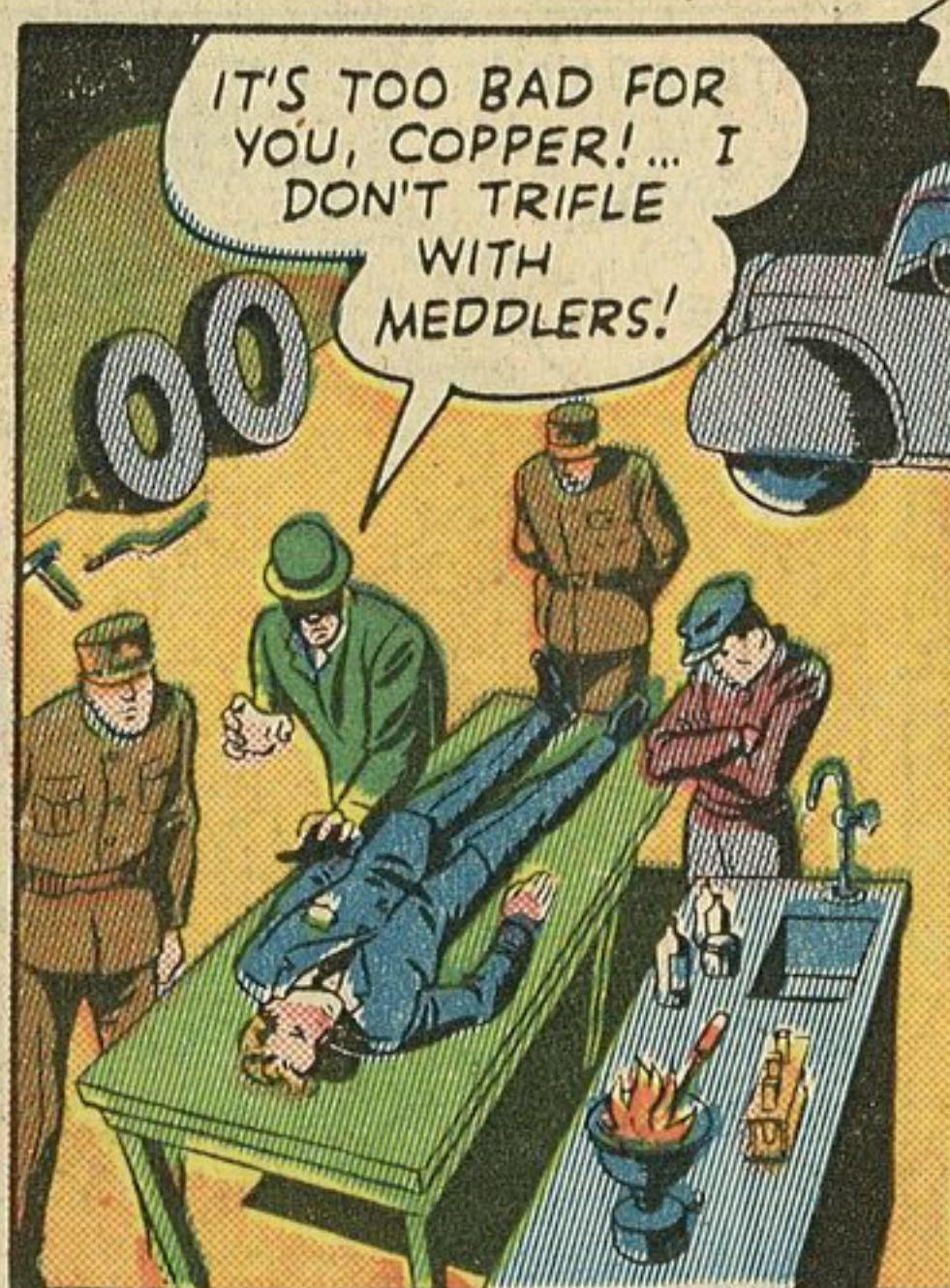


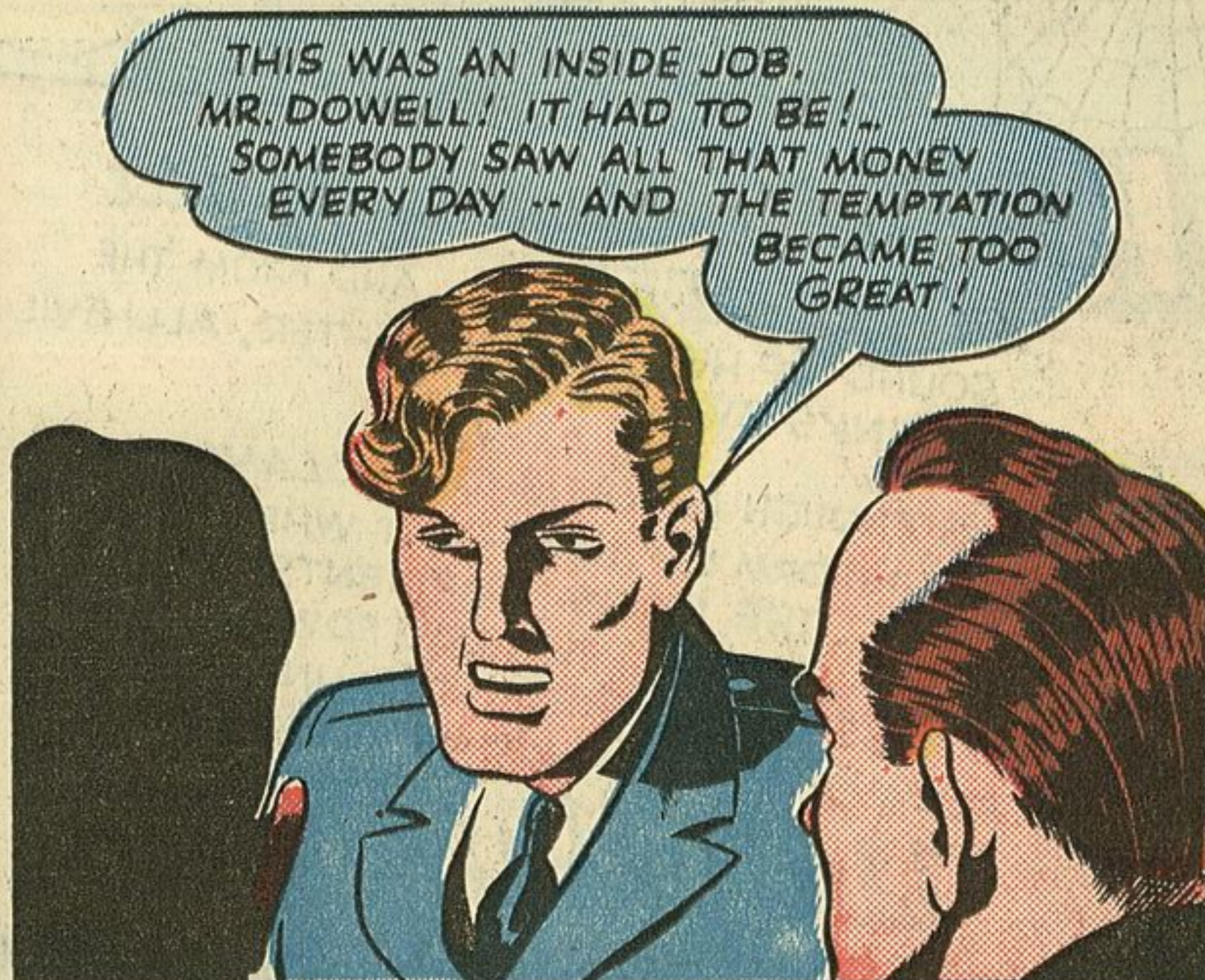












THE JESTER



WHY NOT BE GAY,
QUINOPOLIS? ... LOOK!
EVEN A **DEATH'S HEAD**
CAN AFFORD TO
GRIN!



He dares to laugh in the face
of **DEATH!** ... AND FROM THE
SOUND OF HIS BRAVE LAUGHTER, ALL EVIL
SHRINKS AWAY!

SERIOUS ENOUGH IS YOUNG **CHUCK LANE** IN HIS
POLICE UNIFORM OF BLUE -- BUT WHEN HE
SWITCHES TO THE GARISH GARMENTS OF THE
JESTER, HE TREATS THE MOST POWERFUL OF
CRIME KINGS AS A JOKE! THE UNDERWORLD
WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE CASE OF --
Unlucky Starr!

ASSIGNMENT
FOR ME, YOU
SAY, MCGINTY?

YEAH... AND IT'S
A SOFT ONE!
GO MEET THE
LUXURY EXPRESS
AT THE CITY LINE ...
INTRODUCE YOUR-
SELF TO **STARR**
EMERY, THE MOVIE
QUEEN -- AND KEEP THE
AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS
FROM MOBBING HER
AT THE STATION!

AN HOUR
LATER, ABOARD
THE **LUXURY**
EXPRESS...

YOUR
POLICE ESCORT,
MISS EMERY! MY
NAME IS ...

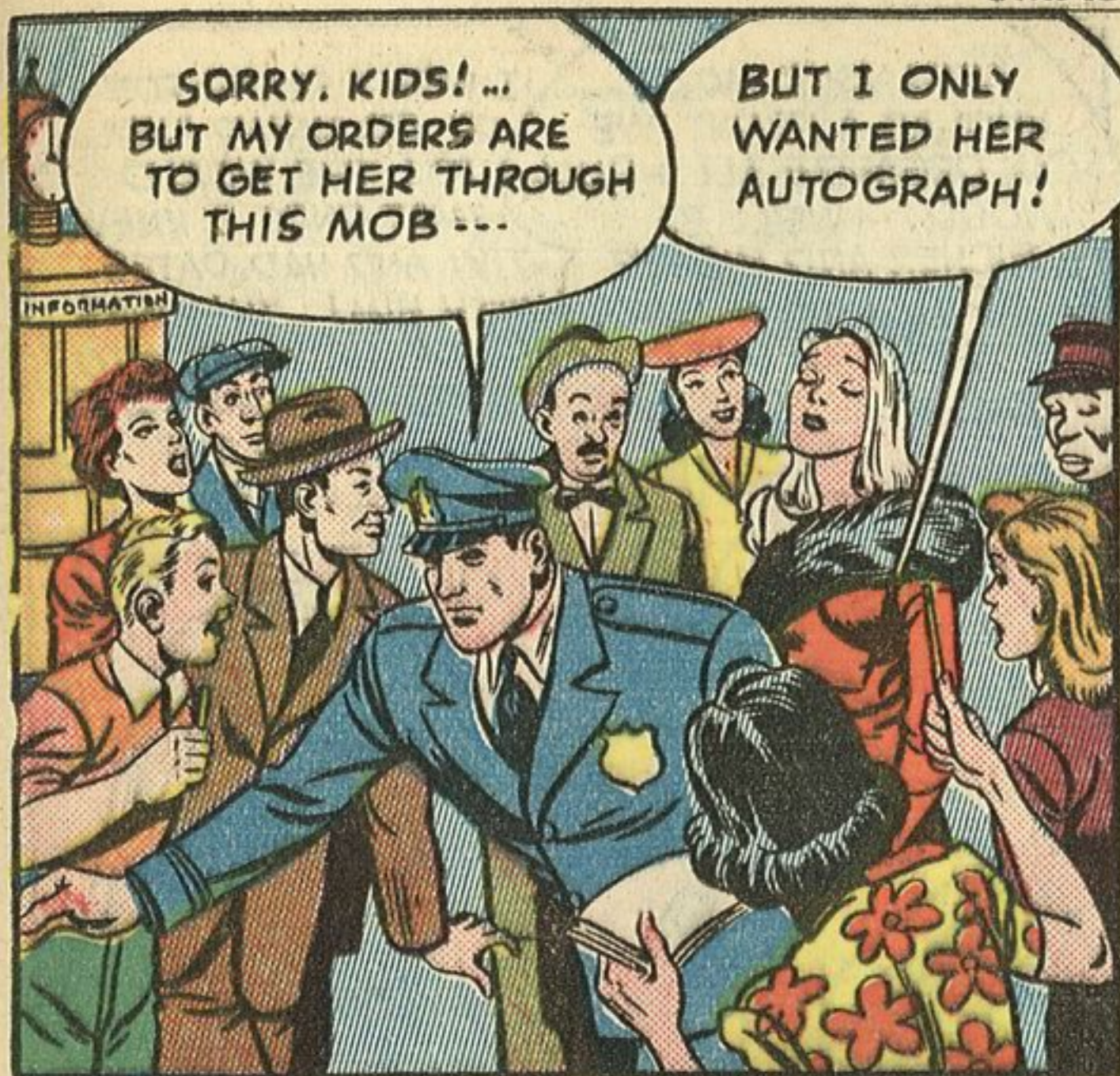
NEVER
MIND NAMES,
OFFICER! ...
SO-O-O-O-O
FATIGUING,
TRYING TO
REMEMBER
NAMES!

HERE
SHE COMES!
STARR
EMERY!!

HOO.
RAY!

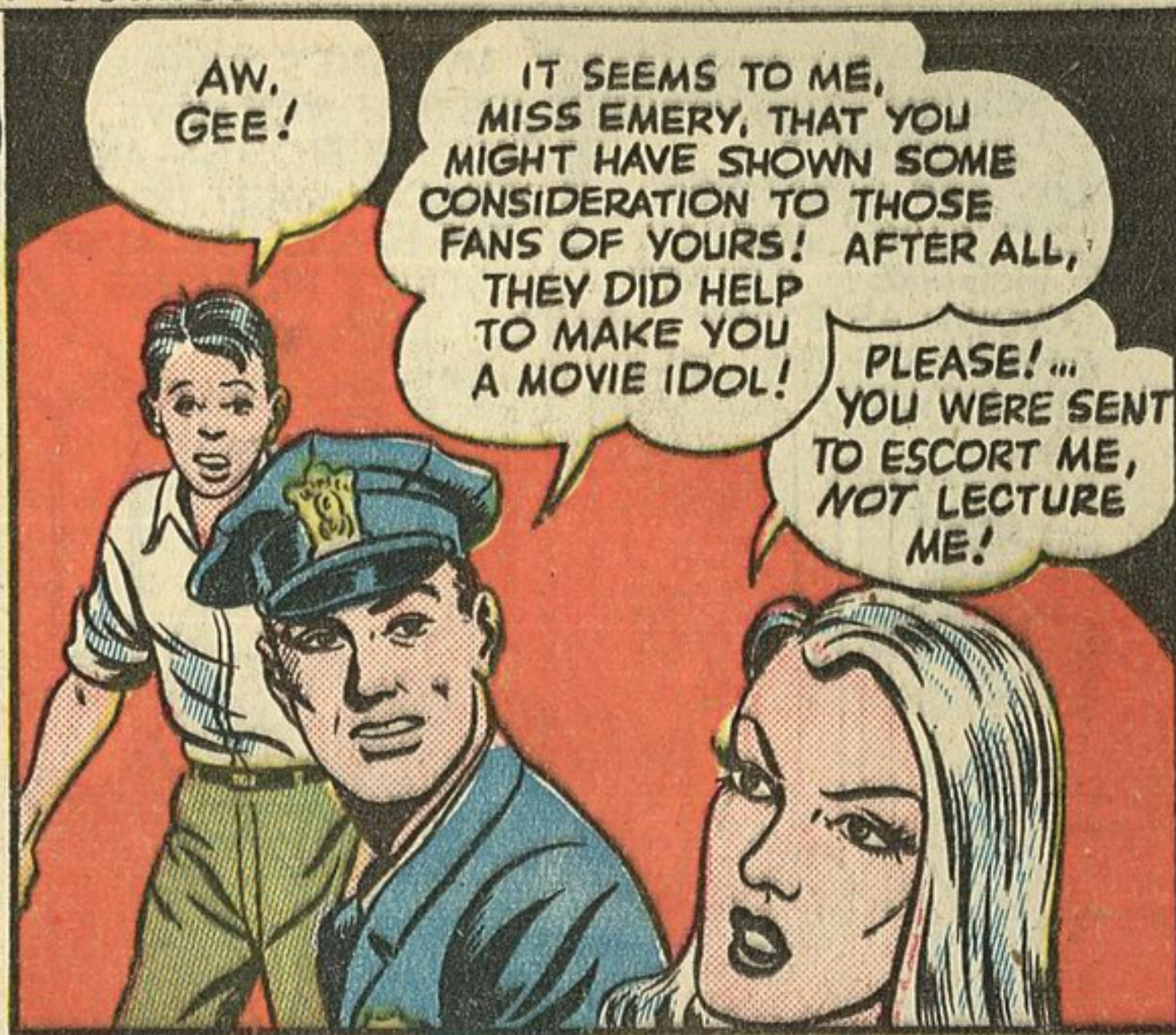
OFFICER!
"CLEAR A
WAY THROUGH
THESE TOO,
TOO
REVOLTING
PEOPLE!"





SORRY, KIDS! ... BUT MY ORDERS ARE TO GET HER THROUGH THIS MOB ...

BUT I ONLY WANTED HER AUTOGRAPH!



AW, GEE!

IT SEEMS TO ME, MISS EMERY, THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE SHOWN SOME CONSIDERATION TO THOSE FANS OF YOURS! AFTER ALL, THEY DID HELP TO MAKE YOU A MOVIE IDOL!

PLEASE! ... YOU WERE SENT TO ESCORT ME, NOT LECTURE ME!



Z-ZIKI!

YOU REMEMBER ME! AND I REMEMBER YOUR NAME! YOUR REAL ONE! WASN'T IT LIL MCGUIRE? STEP ASIDE, LIL! ... I GOTTA MESSAGE FOR YOU!



I KNOW YOU-- ZIKI, THE SMALL-TIME HOODLUM! ... IF YOU BOTHER MISS EMERY...

IT--IT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER! I WISH TO SPEAK TO THIS-- THIS GENTLEMAN ALONE!



PLEASE LET ME ALONE, ZIKI! IF MY PUBLIC KNEW I HAD ANY CONNECTION WITH YOU, IT WOULD BE THE END OF ME!

WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT, HUH, GLAMOR GIRL? YOU'RE MAKING LOADS OF MONEY NOW, AND YOU'LL MAKE PLENTY MORE!



ALL RIGHT, ZIKI! ... I'LL PAY YOU WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT!

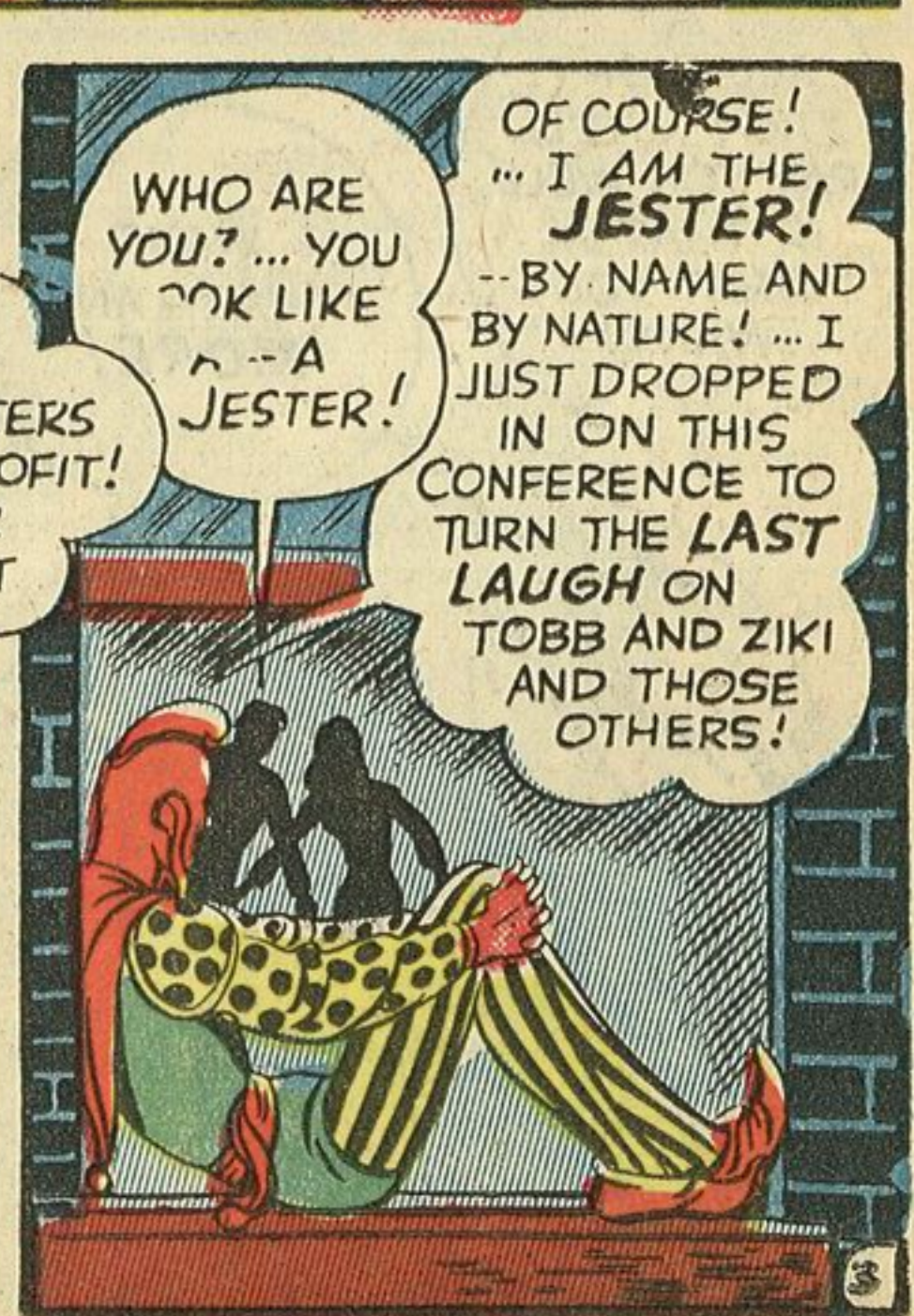
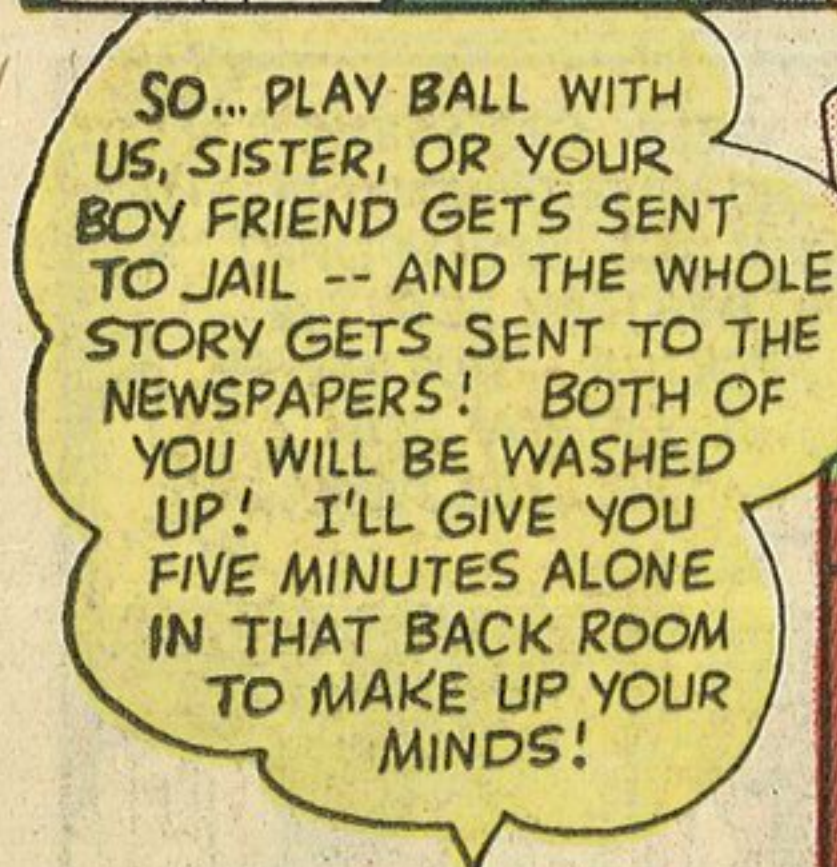
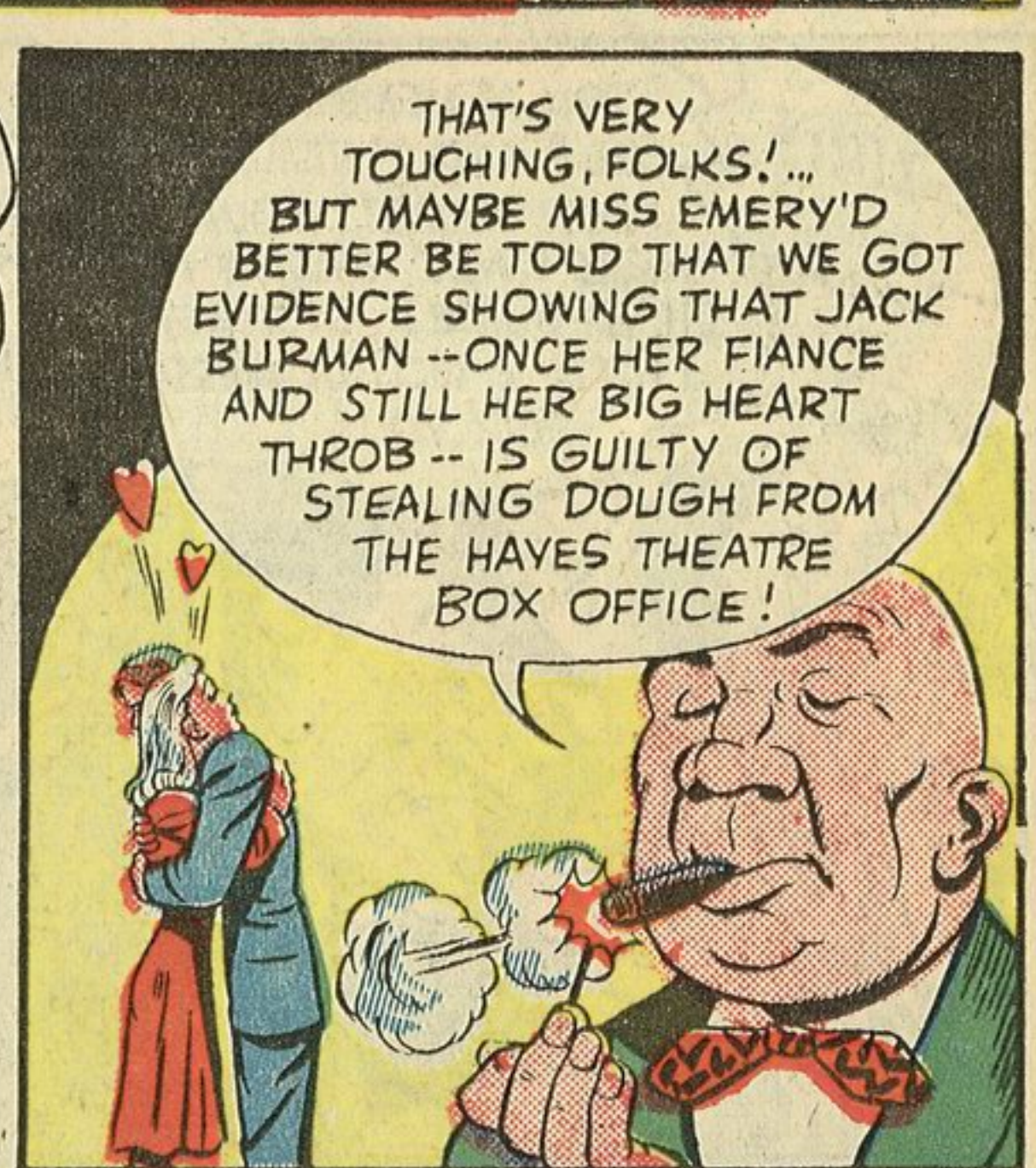
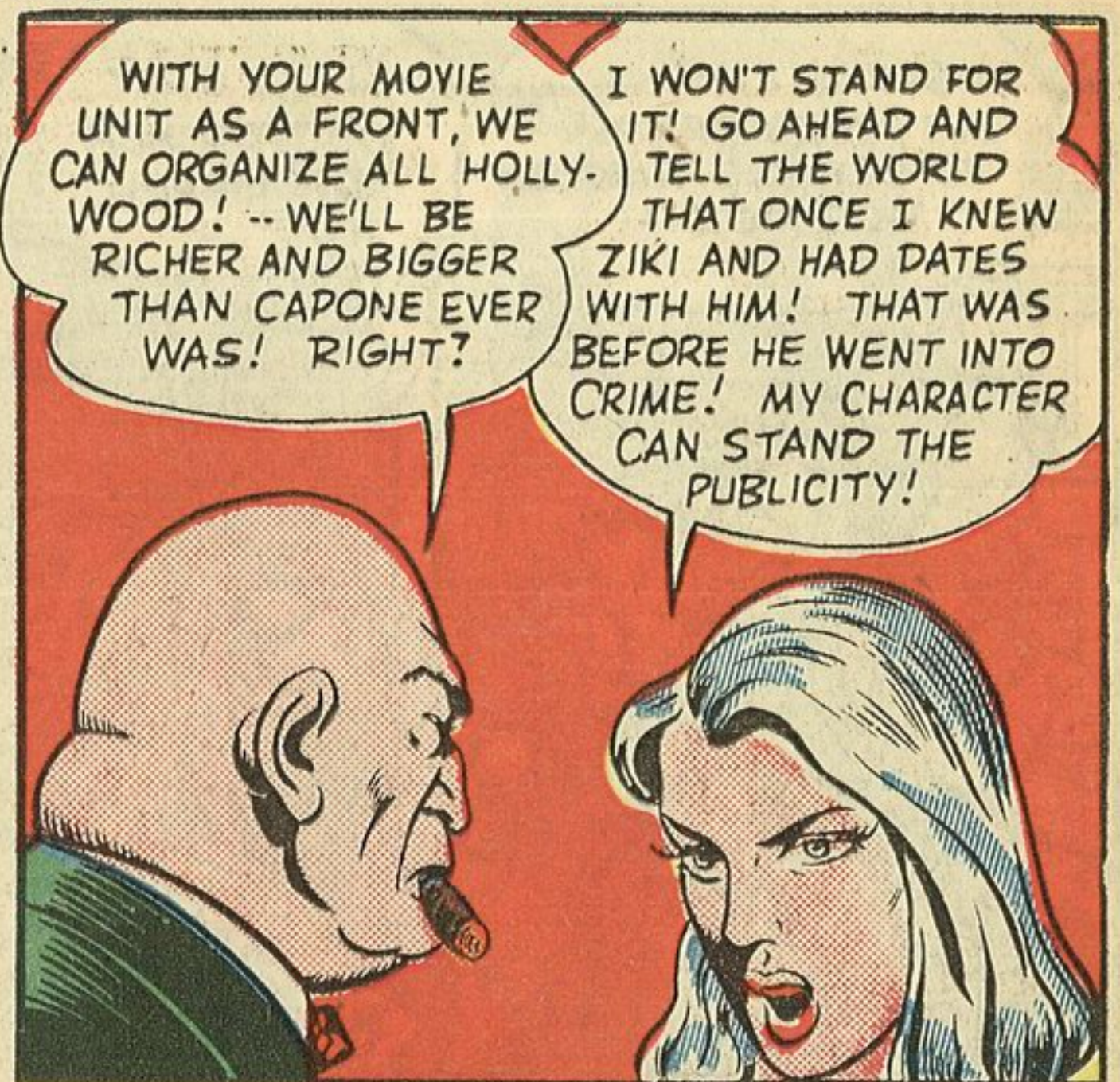
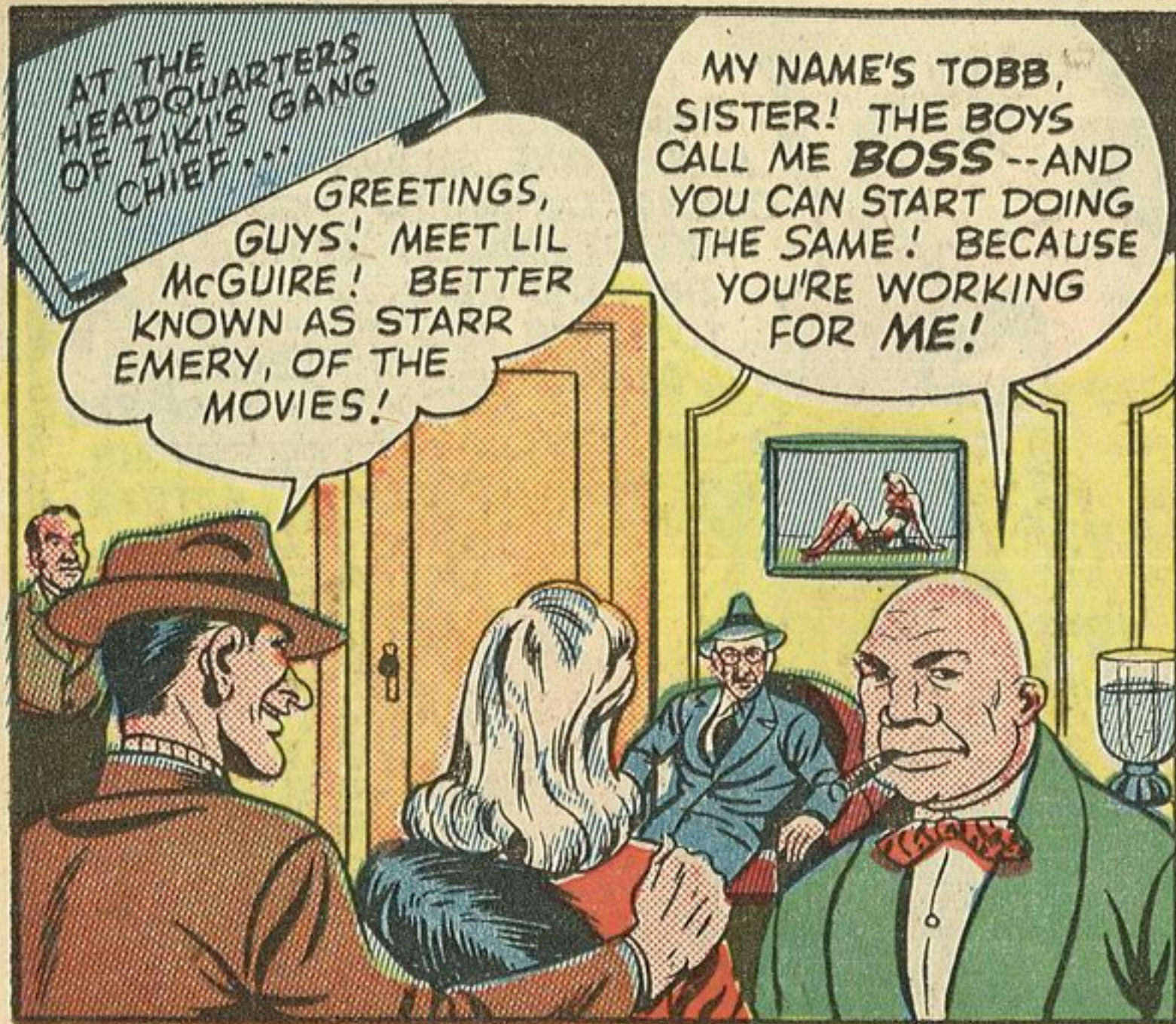
I WANT THAT-- AND MORE!

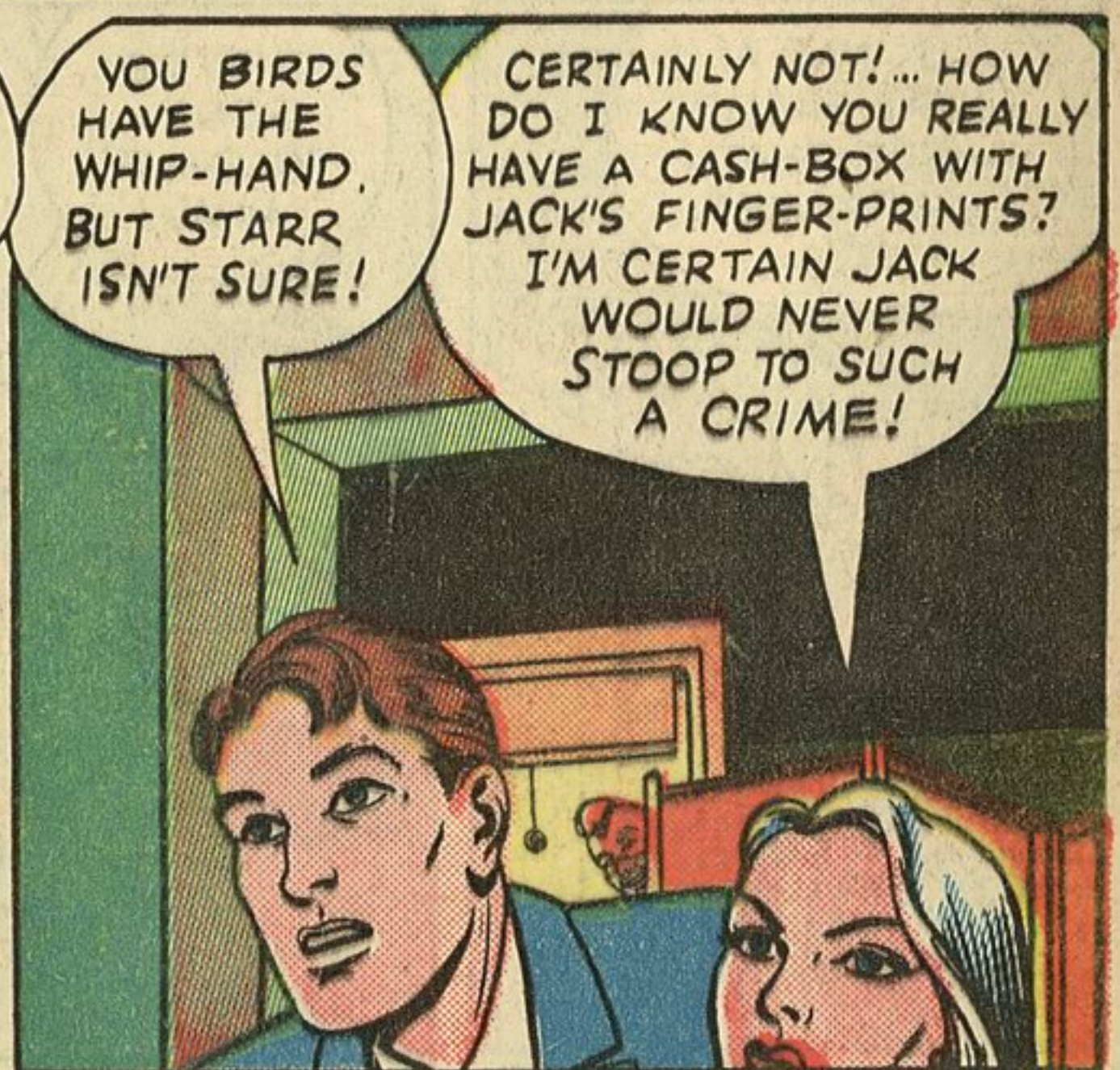
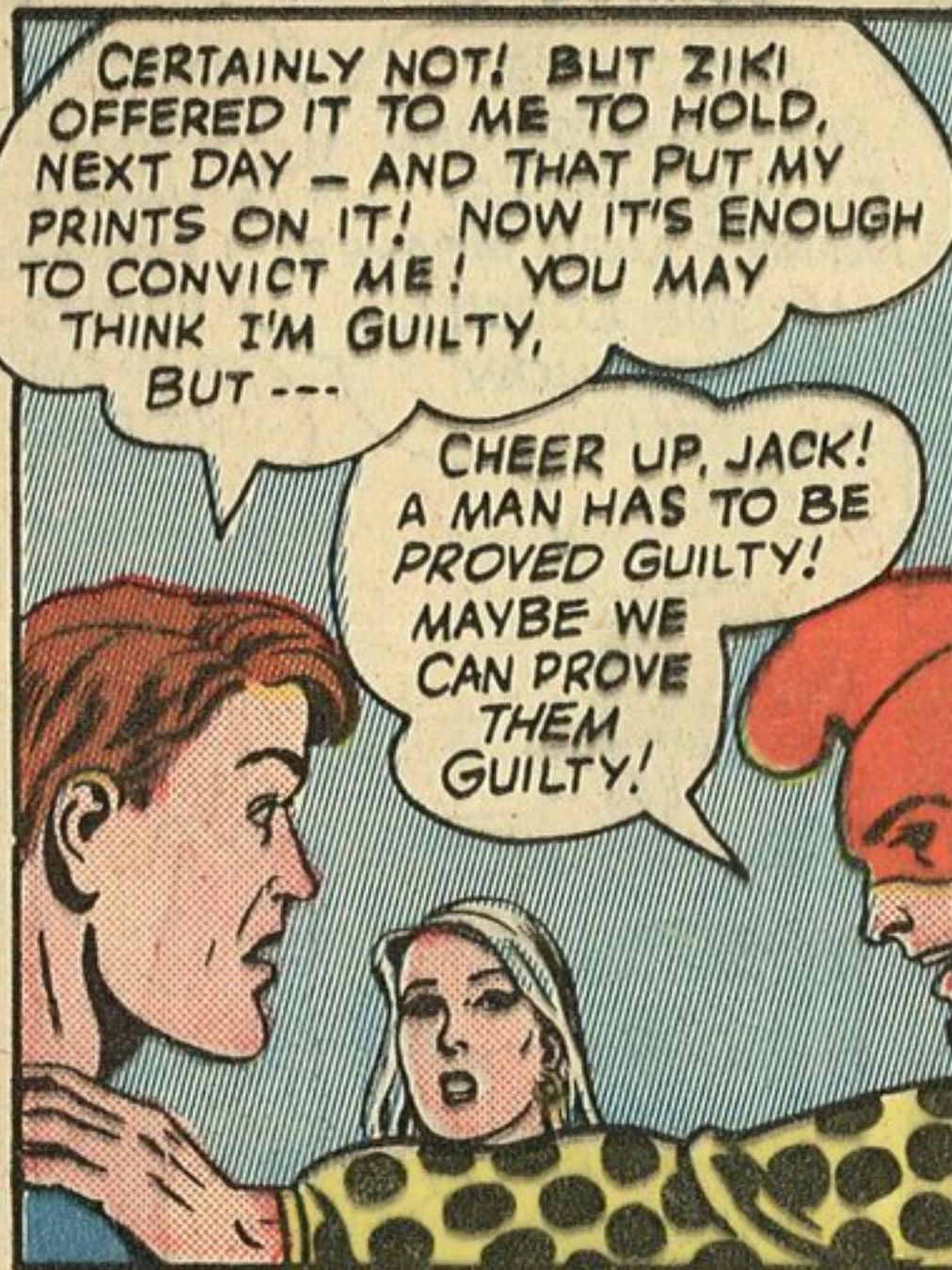


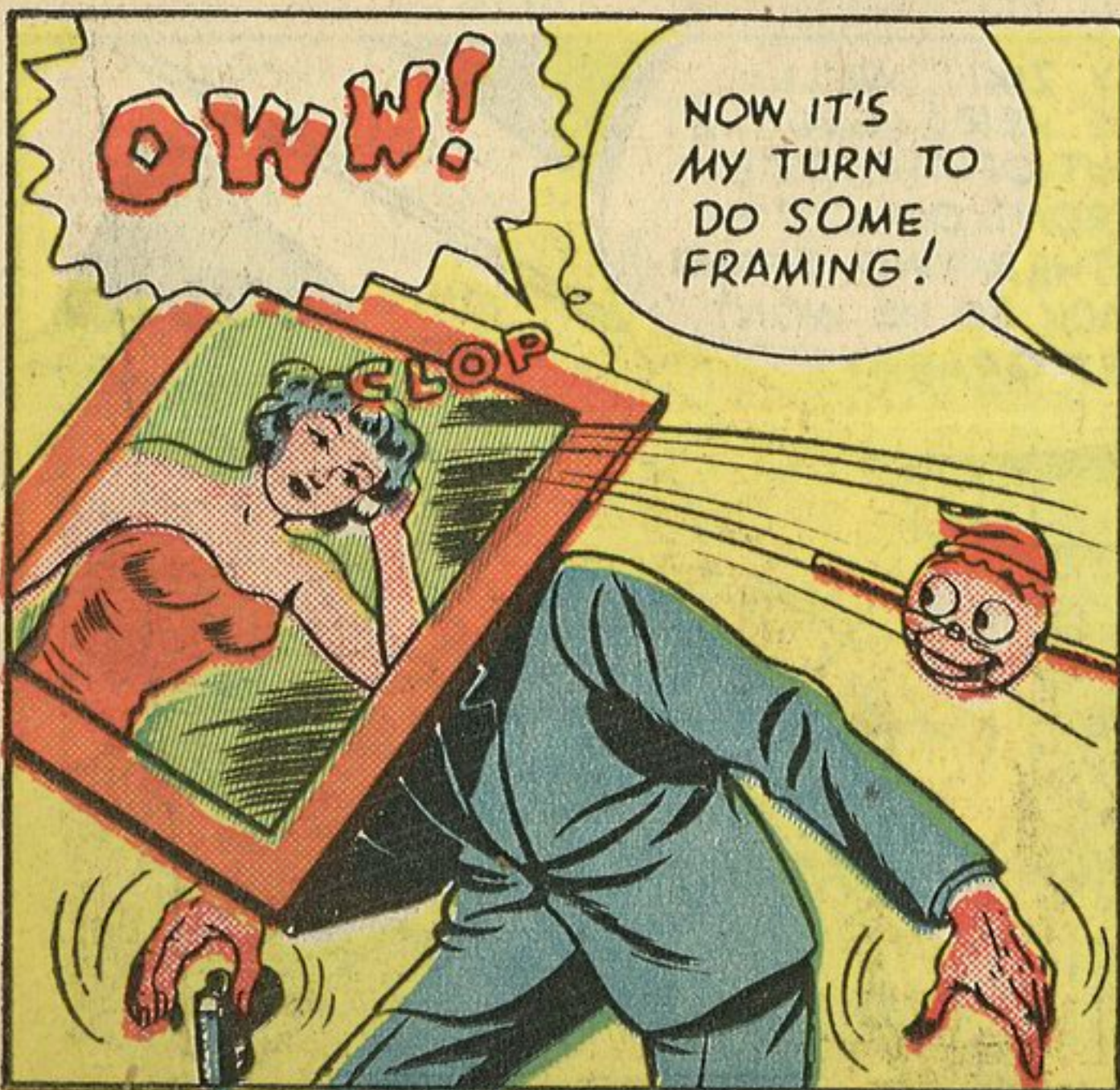
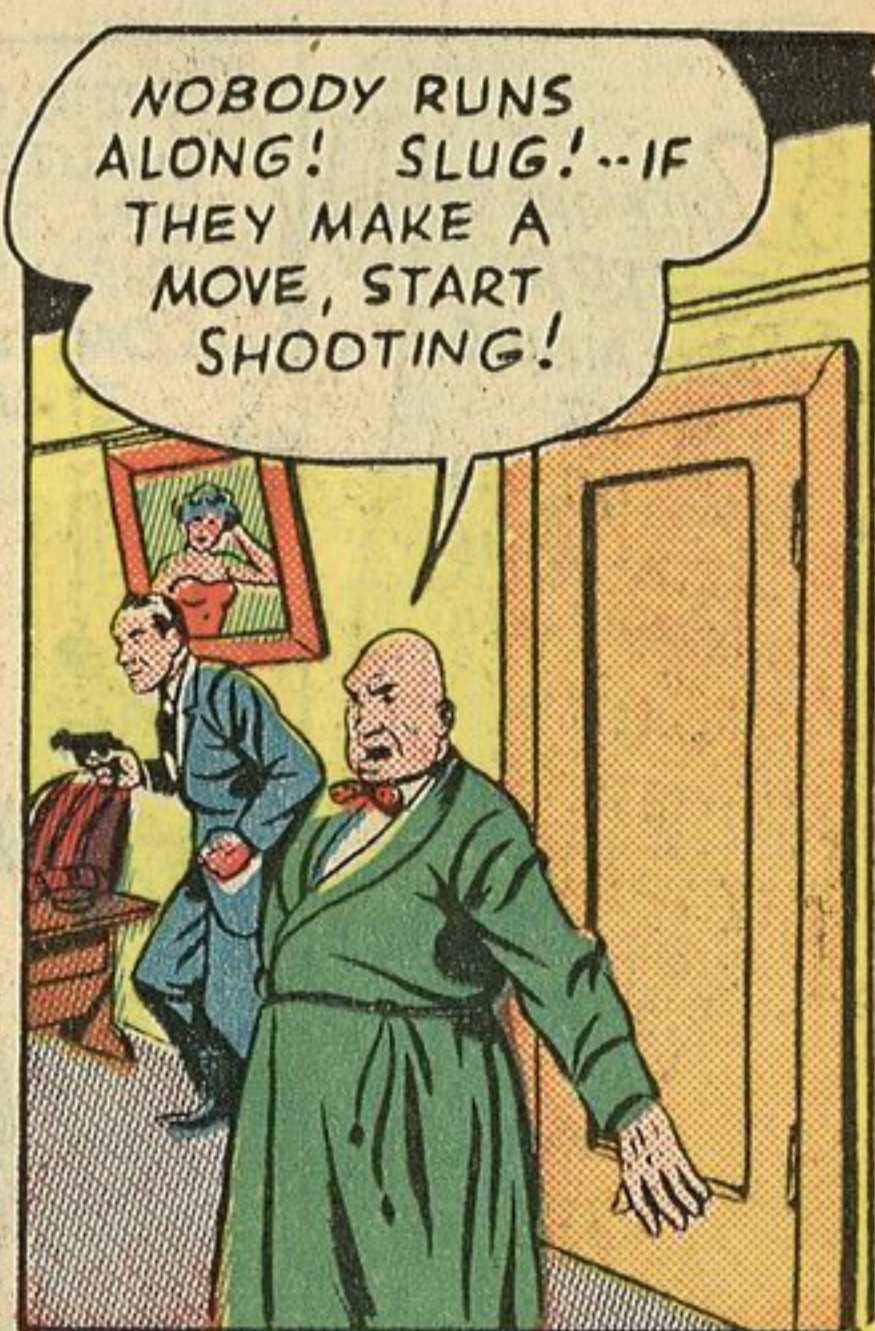
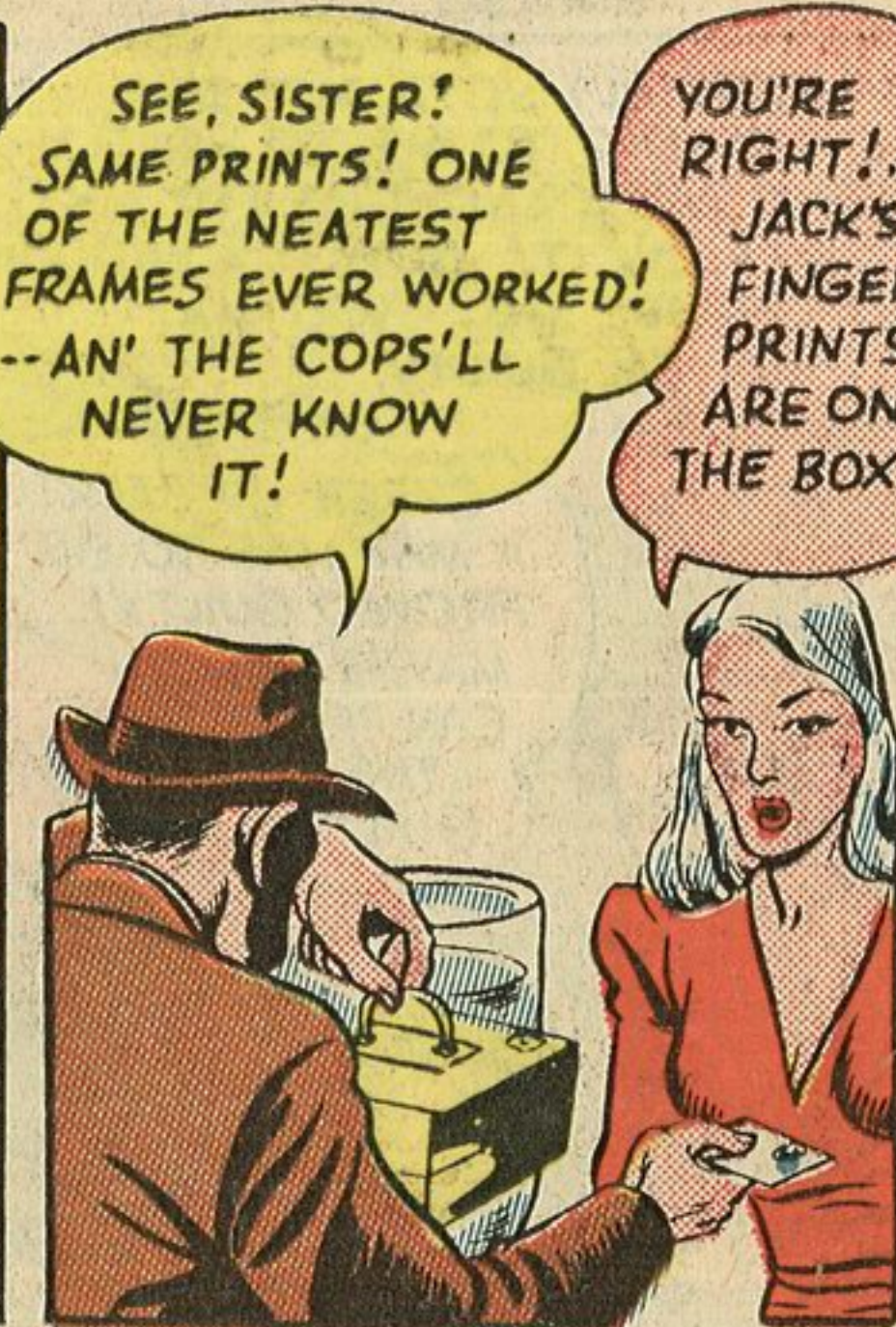
I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU! A STAR -- BACKED BY MILLIONS -- ABLE TO PICK YOUR OWN DIRECTORS AND STORIES AND PRODUCERS! WITH YOUR HELP, MAYBE I'LL GET TO BE A BIG SHOT IN THE MOVIES TOO! COME ON! LET'S GO TALK IT OVER IN PRIVATE!

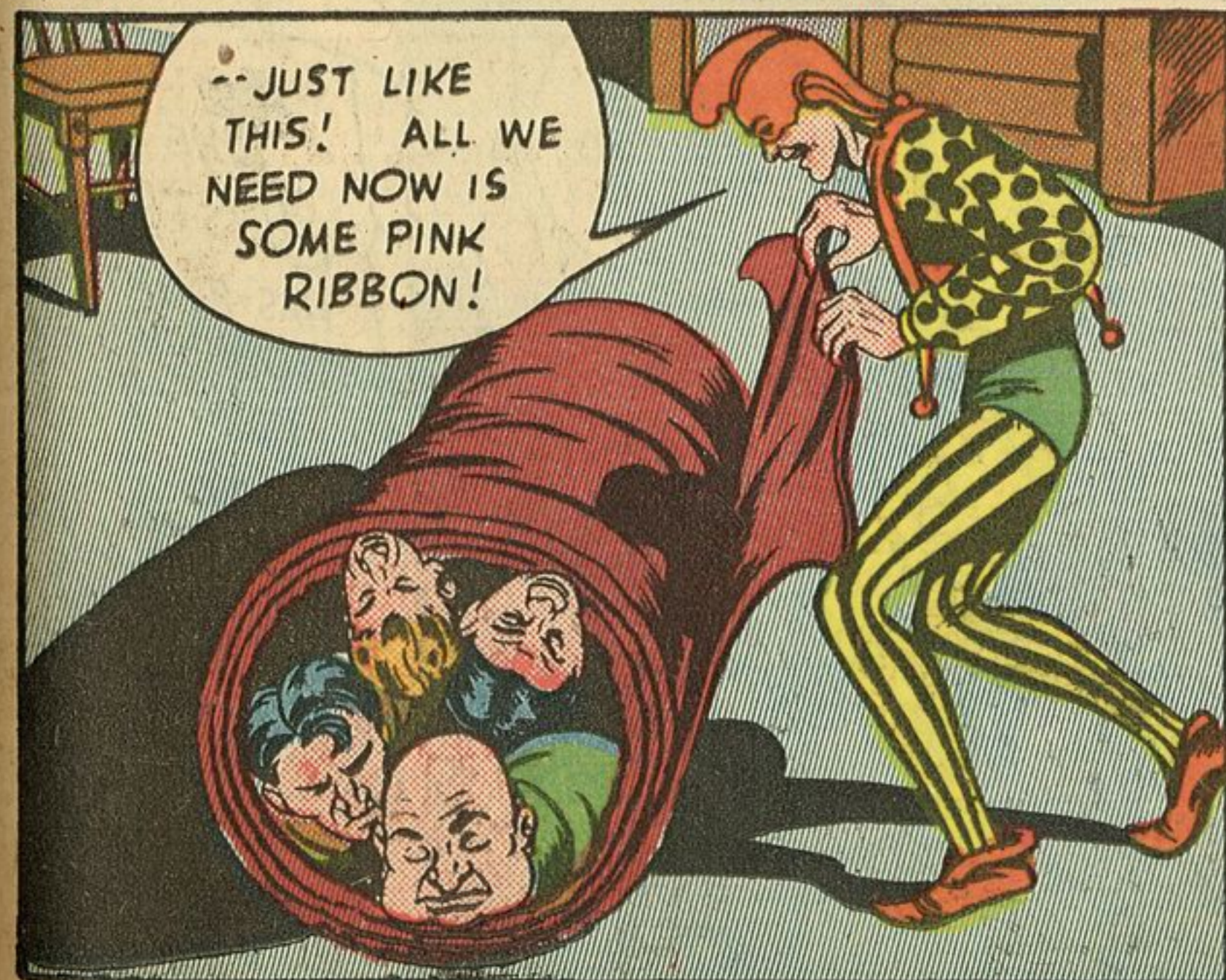
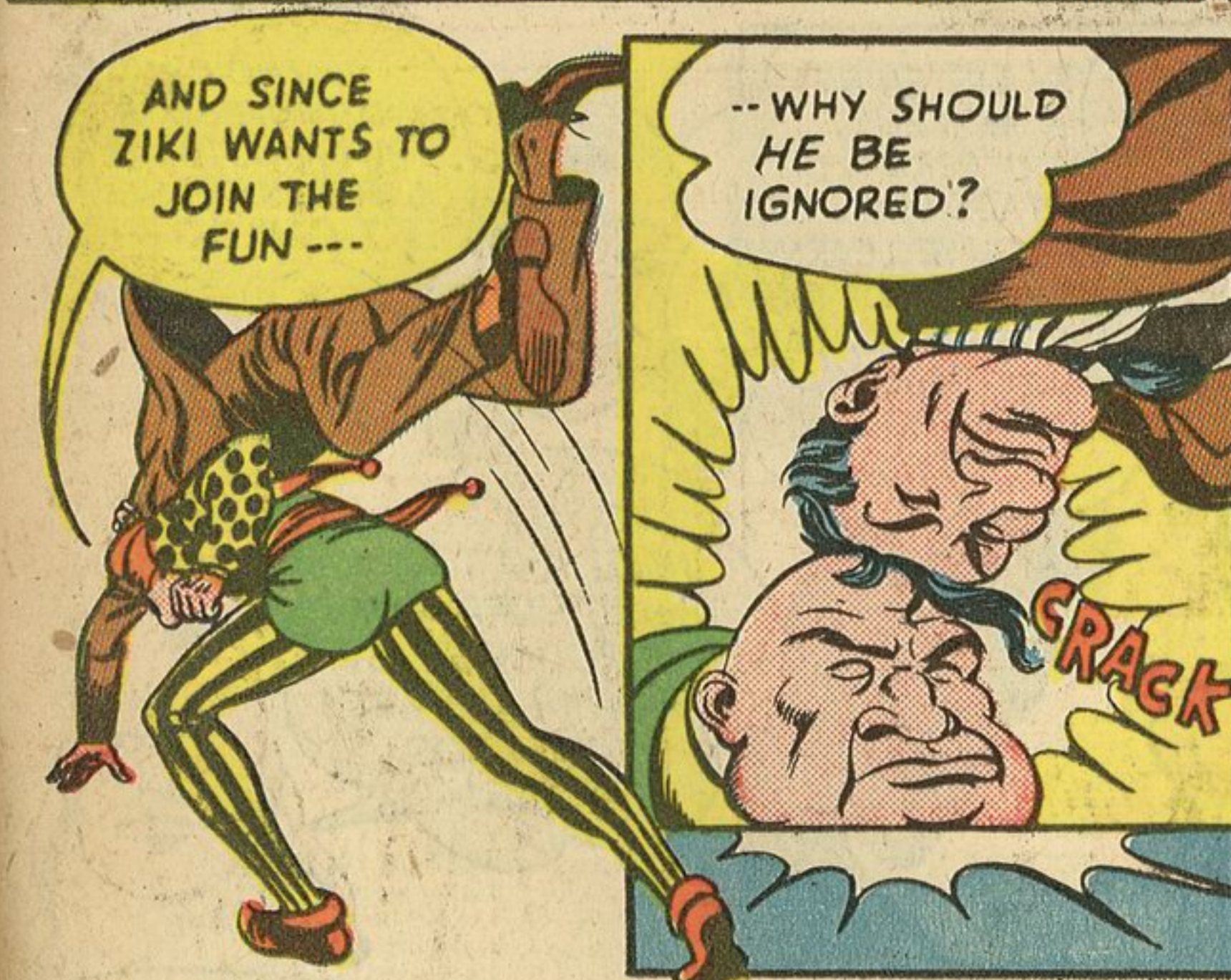


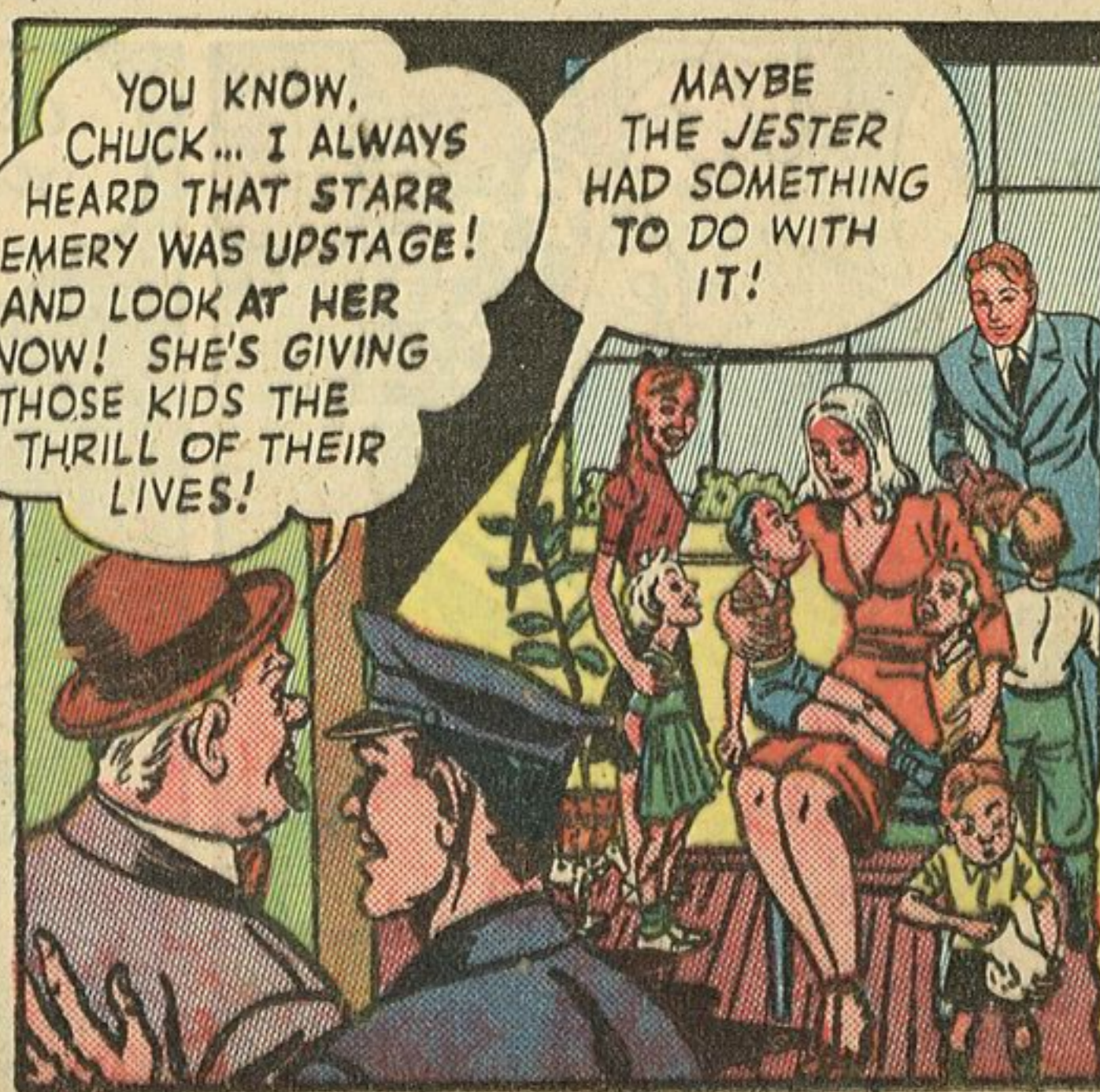
WELL, SHE SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN THE LAW THE BRUSH-OFF! A MYSTERY FOR THE POLICE -- BUT MAYBE A LAUGH FOR THE JESTER!...











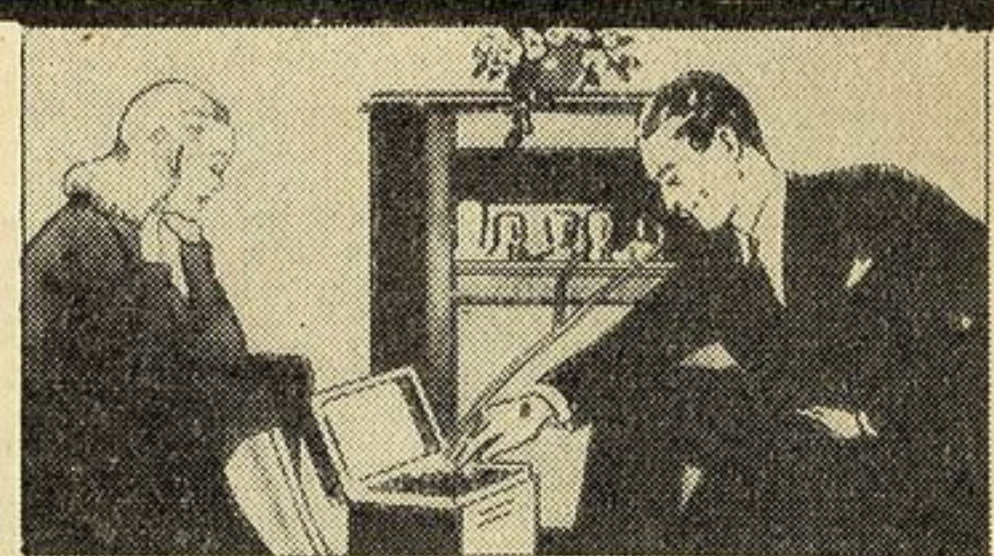


*I Jumped from \$18 a Week to \$50
-a Free Book started me toward this
GOOD PAY JOB IN RADIO*

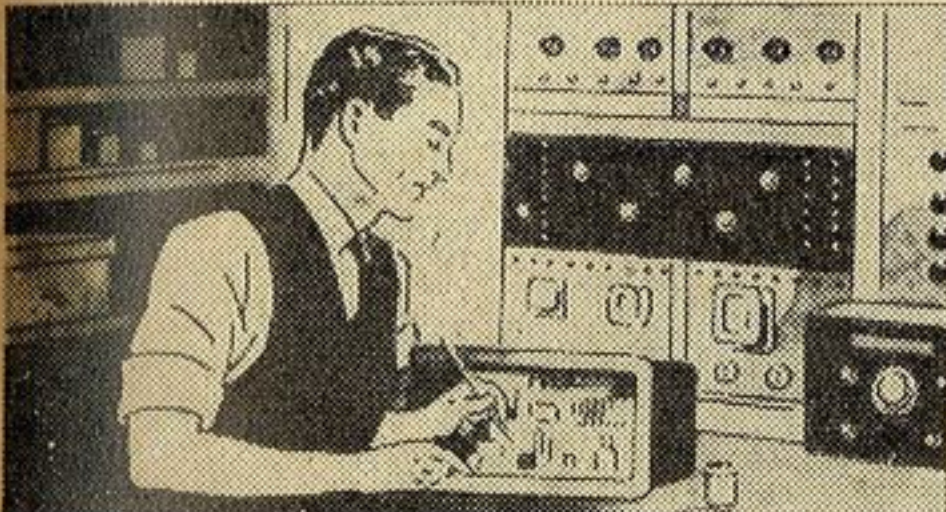
*Here's
How it
Happened*
by S. J. E. NAME AND ADDRESS
SENT UPON REQUEST



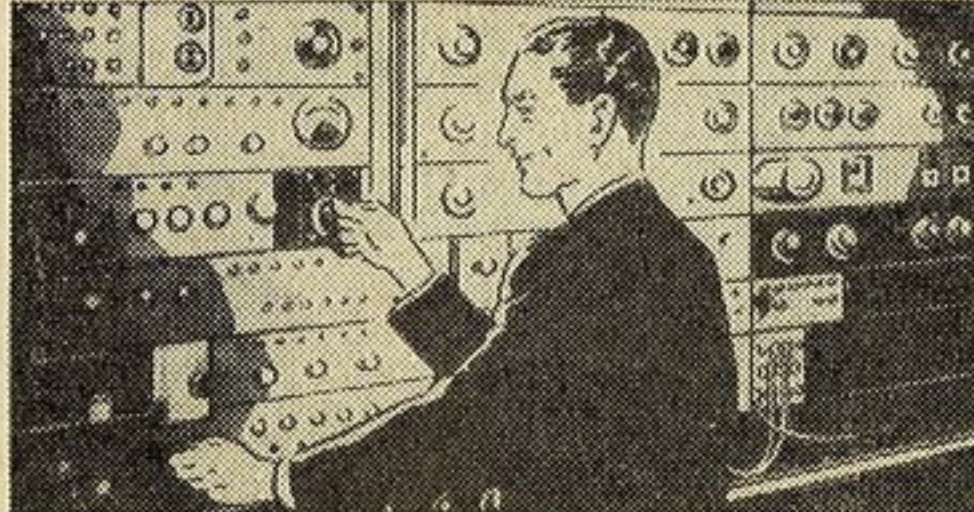
"I had an \$18 a week job in a shoe factory. I read about Radio opportunities and enrolled with the National Radio Institute."



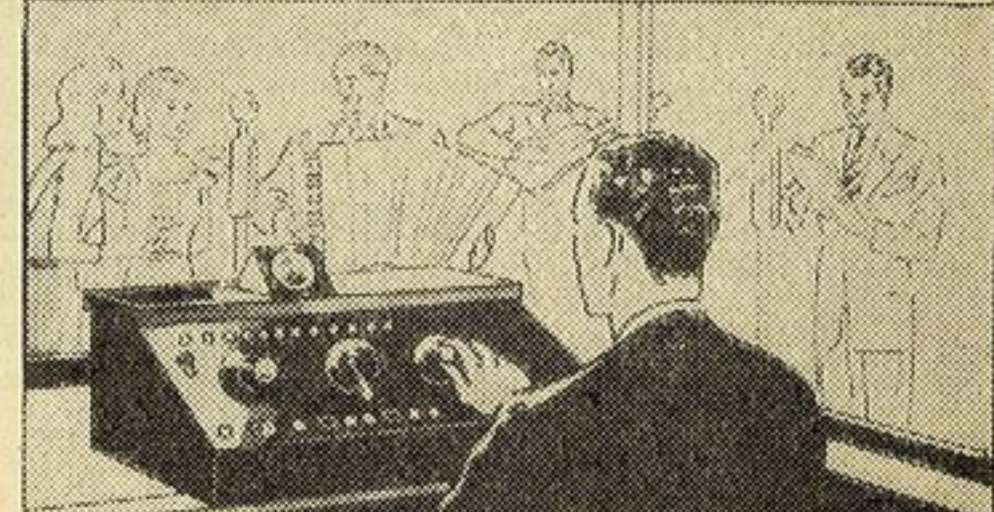
"I was soon earning \$5 to \$10 a week in spare time fixing Radios. This paid for the National Radio Institute Course and led to work paying for my college education."



"Radio servicing permitted me to attend school and work evenings. Upon completing the N. R. I. Course I was made Service Manager at \$40 to \$50 a week, more than twice my shoe factory wage."



"Later the N. R. I. Graduate Service Department sent me to Station KWCR as a Radio Operator. Now I am Radio Engineer of Station WSUI and connected with Television Station W9XK."



"The N. R. I. Course took me out of a low-pay job and put me into Radio at good pay; enabled me to earn a college education. There's a promising future for trained Radio men."



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Established 28 Years

Find out today how I Train You at Home
to BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy war-time field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time!

More Radio Technicians and Operators Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

There's a big shortage today of capable Radio Technicians and Operators. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal

number of servicing jobs. Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other Radio branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. Radio Manufacturers, now working on Government orders for Radio equipment, employ trained men. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women.

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to earn EXTRA money fixing Radios.

Many make \$5, \$10 a week EXTRA in spare time while still learning. I send you SIX big kits of real Radio parts. You LEARN Radio fundamentals from

my lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building typical circuits—PROVE what you learn by interesting tests.

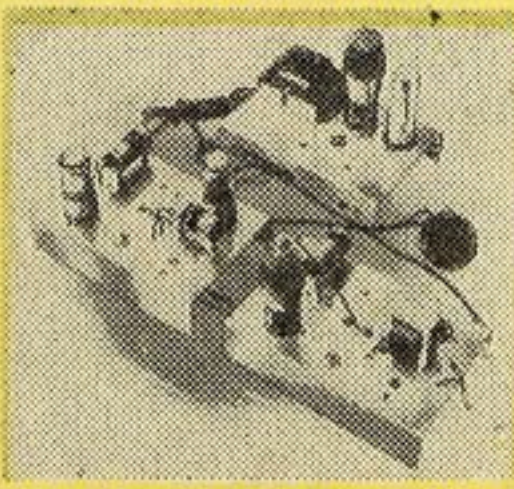
Be Ready To Cash In On Good-Pay Jobs Coming in Television, Electronics

Think of the NEW jobs that Television Frequency Modulation, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! So take the first step at once. Get my 64-page, illustrated book. No obligation—no salesman will call. Just mail Coupon in an envelope or paste it on a penny postal.—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AA3, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

THIS FREE BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon now! Learning Radio helps Service men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, MUCH HIGHER PAY. Also, prepares for good Radio jobs.



You Build This and Other Radio Circuits with 6 Big Kits I send

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4AA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

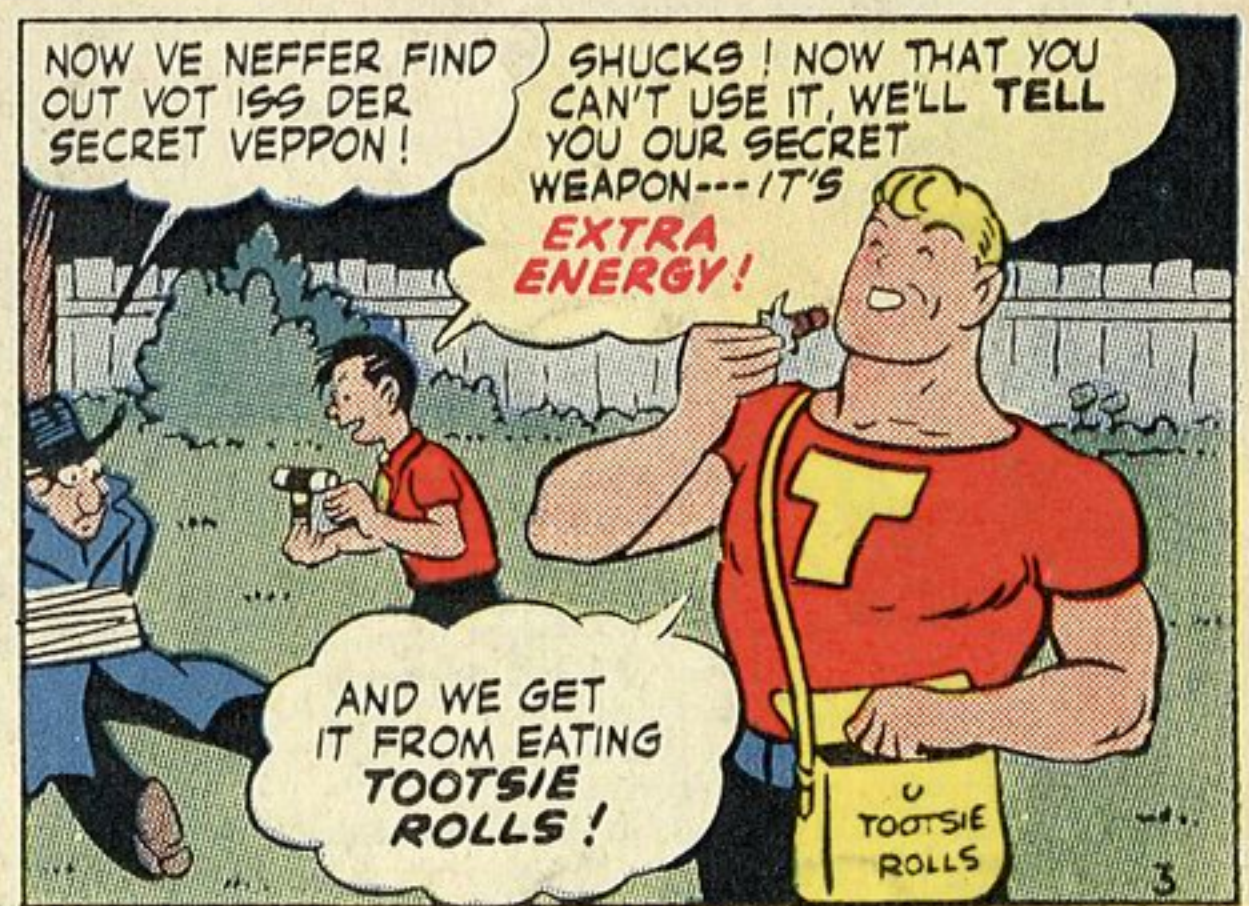
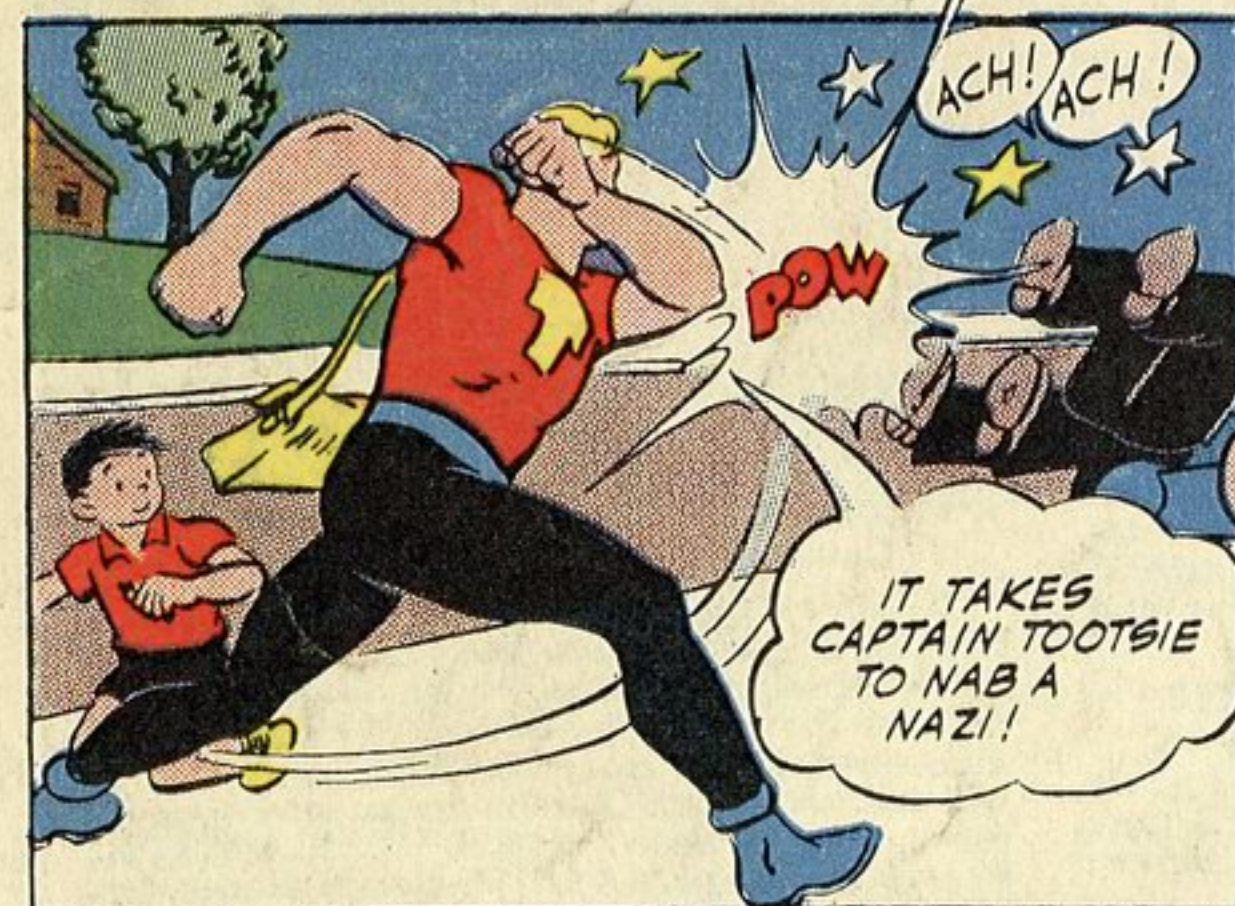
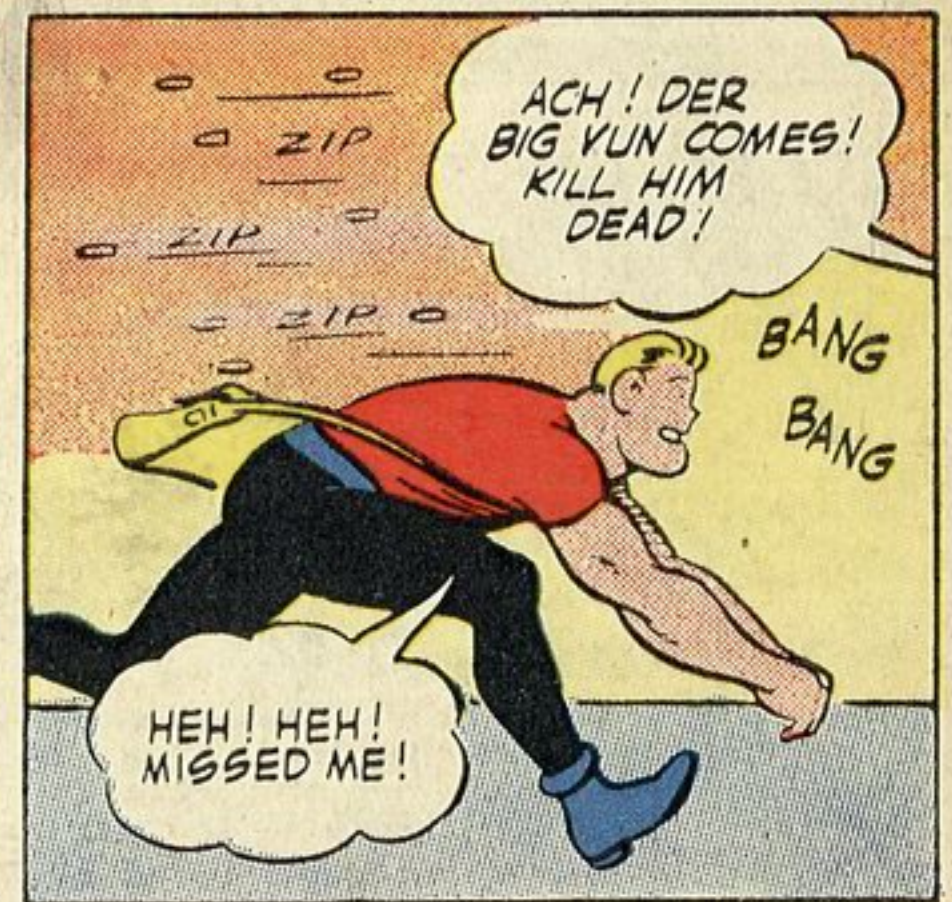
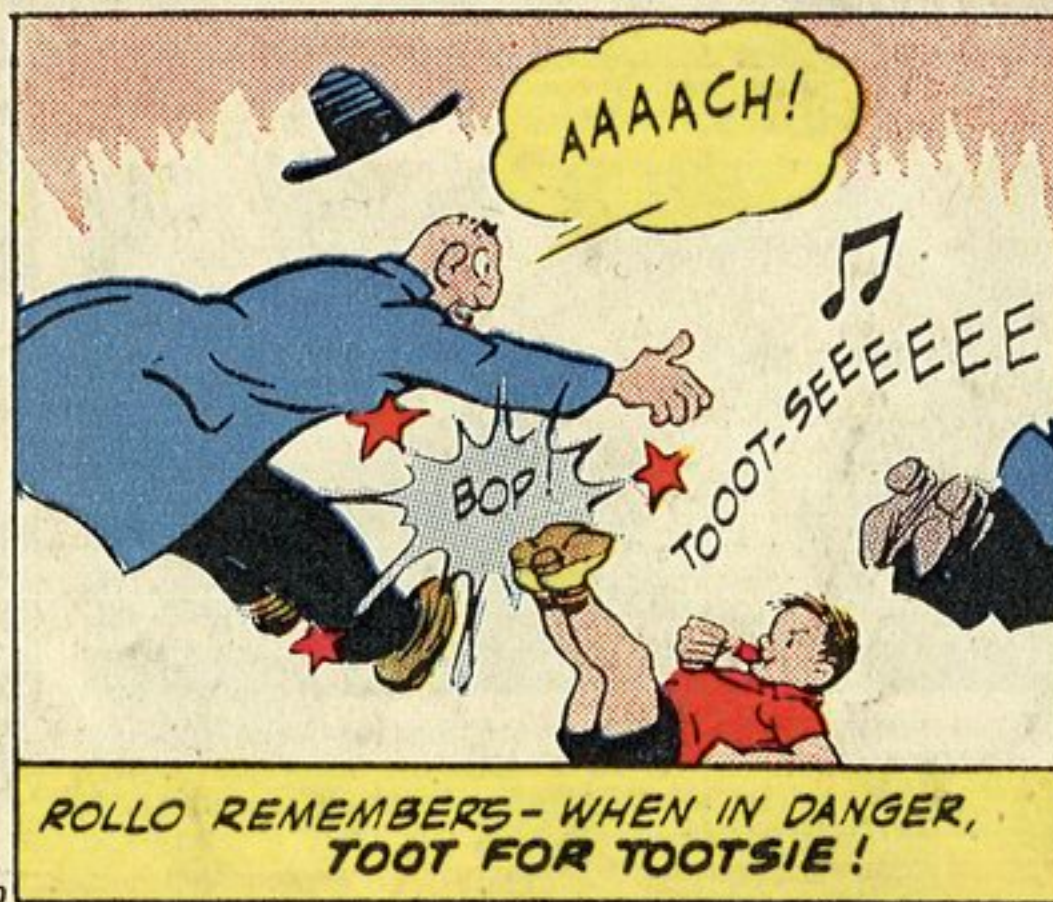
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